Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

J. H. Vincent, Editor. | [Vol. I.] | NEW YORK, MAY 8, 1886. | [No. 23.] | Phillips & Hunt, Publishers.

"ESOP."

(*From the German of Nikolai.*)

BY C. L. BRINE.

Esop, one day, was walking toward a town.
A traveler greeted him, and, "Friend," said he,
"How long have I to travel on before
I reach the village which we yonder see?"
"Go," answered Esop. "Yes, I know right well
That I must 'go,' if I would farther be,
But tell me only in how many hours."
"Go on, go on," said Esop. "Ha, I see,
The fellow's mad, insane—I'll ask no more."
So thought the man and quickly stepped away.
"Hold, there!" cried Esop. "Listen, I would speak:
Two hours, and thou wilt reach the town, I say."
"And pray, how is it that thou *now* canst tell?"
The traveler turned to ask with puzzled face.
Esop replied, "Could I an answer give
Ere I had seen how slow or fast thy *pace?*"

THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY.

BY HENRY FREDERIC REDDALL.

In Two Parts.—Part II.

By sunset the repose and the tonic effect of the pure Atlantic air had so far restored Frank that he was able to sit on the edge of the bunk, drink a pannikin of tea, and sharpen his teeth on some hard bread and tough beef.

Next morning he was himself again, thanks to youth and a healthy body, and with the first flush of daylight in the windy sky, he turned out with the watch and hurried on deck, where he inhaled with delight huge mouthfuls of salt sea air.

He was no stranger to ships or to blue water. Long residence near the second largest sea-port in the world had helped to foster a love for the sea that was probably inborn. Himself an enthusiastic lover of the sea, Mr. Herbert had, by many a stirring narrative of its perils and triumphs, imbued his son with a love for old Ocean, and the lad had picked up many of the smaller details of the lore by which men subdue the dashing waves and howling winds.

Frank could handle the wheel as smartly as any middy; he could pass a reef-point as deftly as any lad who ever footed the flemish horse; and in the minor but no less important arts of knotting and splicing he was an adept.

So there was enough of familiarity and yet of novelty about the scene that met his eyes on deck to cause his pulse to quicken and his eye to dance. Scratch capered and frisked around, having so far escaped the watery grave to which he had been condemned by the captain, and Frank almost forgot that his fate for the next ten days was as yet undecided.

But an event was about to occur that drove all such thoughts from his mind; and that my readers may clearly understand it I must digress to briefly describe the vessel and a phase of ship-board life.

The *Atalanta* was a four-masted steamer, the fore and main masts square rigged, and the mizzen and jigger masts fore-and-aft rigged. She belonged to that class known as "tramps;" that is, steamers belonging to no regular line, carrying few or no passengers, and sailing to any port from or to which freights are plentiful.

Up to this time the wind had been favorable—"a good quartering breeze" having wafted them far out of sight of land onto the bosom of the broad Atlantic. But now the wind had hauled ahead of the ship's course, so that only the fore-and-aft canvas would draw.

A sailing ship would have been compelled to "beat" against the wind, that is, to "tack" in a ziz-zag direction to her true course; the *Atalanta* being a steamer, and independent of the wind, kept straight ahead, stowing the now useless square canvas.

At four bells, therefore (six o'clock), when the port watch came on deck, the order was given by the second officer to stow the fore and main upper and lower tops'ls and to'gallants, and Frank was now watching the crew at work on the heavy yards at a dizzy height above him.

There was quite a sea on at the time, and the deck was deserted save by the second mate on the bridge and the steersman beneath him, for the *Atalanta* was steered by a midship wheel.

The labor of stowing the great tops'ls with the ship dashing along at full speed, and the canvas distended by the breeze until it was as stiff as a board, taxed the strength of the entire watch.

The bridge and the midship wheel of the *Atalanta* were immediately forward of the mainmast, so that the men on the yards were right above the heads of the second officer and the man at the wheel.

The tacks and sheets having been let go was the signal for a wild hullabaloo aloft caused by the thrashing and pealing of the heavy canvas. This and the clewing up is generally done by a portion of the watch who remain on deck for the purpose. When the sails are clewed up those on deck join their comrades on the foot-ropes.

All had proceeded as usual, and the men were about finishing their labors when a great sheet-block from the main upper tops'l in some way became detached.

From that giddy height, seventy feet above the deck, the ponderous missile fell, narrowly missing some of the crew on the spars below, and landing with all its force on the head of the unfortunate wheelsman, killed him instantly, and rebounding struck the mate full in the breast, knocking him off the bridge to the iron deck below, where he lay stunned.

The wheel, thus left without any controlling hand, turned idly this way and that, obeying the impulse of the surges upon the rudder, while the great ship commenced to fall off from the wind, and but for timely interference would soon have been many points off her course. All this happened in less time than it takes to read it.

For Frank to spring on the ladder leading to the hurricane deck and grasp the spokes of the great wheel was the work of a few moments for his nimble feet, singing out as he went, "A hand aft here to the wheel!" for he well knew that to guide an ocean steamer needed muscle as well as nerve.

A hasty glance at the compass in the binnacle showed him that the steamer then headed S.-W. half W., and exerting all his strength he grasped the spokes and held her to that course.

Frank's cry brought the second and third officers from their cabins and the starboard watch from the fo'cas'le, and he was soon relieved from his post of volunteer steersman.

The men had swarmed down from aloft, and stood grouped around the foot of the mainmast gazing stupidly at the two bodies, too dazed to move or to succor their shipmates.

At a word from the bos'n, who had elbowed his way through their ranks, two of them raised the unfortunate sailor and bore him to his bunk, while two others performed a similar office for the mate, who appeared to be only stunned by his fall from the bridge to the deck.

Another seaman having taken the wheel, and the steamer being by this time on her course again, Captain Barstow, who was now on deck, turned to his first officer for an explanation of the late accident, but he was forced to confess he knew nothing of how it had occurred, having only been aroused by Frank's shrill cry.

"I found this young gentleman at the wheel," said he, turning to Frank, who still stood by. "Perhaps he can give us some information."

Thus appealed to, Frank stepped forward, Scratch at his heel, and described what he had seen.

"And who may you be, sir?" inquired the captain, after listening attentively to the boy's recital. "I was not aware I had any passengers on board."

Frank felt himself growing painfully red. He had at last gained an interview with the captain.

"My name is Frank Herbert, sir, and I suppose I am what you call a stowaway!"

"Humph! You know how to handle the wheel, it seems. Where did you learn that, may I ask?"—this in a tone of sarcastic politeness.

"O, I just picked that up, sir. I have been at school near Liverpool," said Frank.

"Ever been to sea before, Master Herbert?" inquired the captain, peering keenly at Frank from under the peak of his naval cap.

"No, sir."

Then, more sharply, "How is it that you are masquerading on board my ship as a stowaway, sir?"

Forcing down a troublesome lump in his throat, in a few words Frank informed Captain Barstow of all that the reader knows, ending by saying:

"I know it was a mean act, captain, but what could I do? Nobody would allow me to work my passage; I couldn't walk the distance, and I couldn't swim it, but I was bound to get across somehow. I'll do any thing you tell me to pay for my passage—except work in the fire-room!"

He spoke so earnestly and in such a manly way that the last doubt of his honesty was apparently lifted from the captain's mind, and it was not in his heart to act or speak harshly. But the boy had just acted in a manner that showed him to be possessed of both pluck and presence of mind, two qualities dear to the sailor's heart, so he said, gravely:

"My lad, I see you have still to learn that the end does not always justify the means. Your natural and praiseworthy desire to join your father has impelled you to a questionable act. You perceive this, I am sure, so we'll say no more on that score."

Thus spoke the disciplinarian. Then, courtly old sea-dog as he was, he took Frank by the hand and said,

"For your courage and intelligence in the recent emergency I thank you heartily. For the rest of the voyage your berth will be aft."

So saying he led the way to breakfast, at which the second officer, thanks to the doctor's care, was able to join them.

The next day the dead sailor was buried with the usual solemn service attending an interment at sea. The rest of the voyage was uneventful, and to Frank, who became the pet of the ship's company, the time passed swiftly and pleasantly enough until, early one morning, the Highlands of Navesink hove in sight.

A pilot coming on board restored the broken connection with the busy land, and reminded our hero that he was nearing New York, whence last his father wrote, and that here his first inquiries must be made.

Swiftly dashed the *Atalanta* through the Lower Bay. One by one the different languidly swaying channel buoys were passed; Dix and Hoffman Islands were left astern; and then the grim stone fortresses at the Narrows stood on either hand. These passed, the "half-speed" signal sped to the engine-room; the throbbing screw that for so many days and nights had ceaselessly thrashed the waters of the Atlantic subsided into a sullen murmur, and off the Quarantine Station the huge anchor was dropped, and the *Atalanta* was hooked fast in American ground.

To Frank it seemed like a chapter out of a story-book. This, then, was the land of his birth, and yet two weeks ago he was wearily pacing the streets of Liverpool!

How he longed to leap ashore and scamper up those rounded, wooded slopes that glittered with emerald brightness in the crisp spring sunshine.

All around was life, light, and motion. From Staten Island came a confused murmur of shore sounds, while close at hand lay a large fleet of vessels of all sorts and sizes. Some were outward bound; others had, like themselves, just arrived; some were discharging cargo into lighters; while still others were waiting for dock-room in the great city whose spires and many-storied buildings darkened the northern horizon.

Amid this maze of larger craft there tacked and doubled many marine small fry—yachts and steam-tugs, coasting schooners and fishing-smacks, lumbering lighters and business-like ferry-boats.

Leaning on the rail while the health officers were performing their formal duties, Frank gazed with delight on this animated scene. That collisions did not occur more frequently in this crowded water-way he could readily see was only at the cost of constant vigilance. No wonder, he thought, that this ponderous Cunarder coming down the harbor, outward bound to England, should slacken speed, until, when abreast of the *Atalanta*, she was moving so slowly that a man in a rowboat astern overhauled her rapidly.

Slowly and majestically the five hundred feet of black, glossy hull passed onward, the white steam gushing noisily from her slender funnel. And she was going to England, half regretfully thought Frank. Would he ever see its shores again?

Suddenly, as he thus gazed on the passing steamer, his heart seemed to stop beating, and he gripped the brass rail tightly with both hands.

Who is that tall, portly man on her deck looking this way? See, he raises his hat and quickly and nervously pushes the gray curly locks from his broad forehead.

Frank would know that gesture anywhere! It must be—

"Father! Father!"

The shrill boyish voice leaps across the hundred yards of intervening water, and that solitary figure slowly turns and gazes at the *Atalanta*.

Once again the cry peals forth with passionate energy. The stranger turns his back to the sun and shades his eyes with his hand. Frank leaps on the flag-locker and waves his hat frantically. Alas! the steamer is already out of earshot.

Suddenly the man turns and disappears below. In an instant he re-appears and levels a glass at the stern of the *Atalanta*. Apparently one look is sufficient, for, springing to the ship's side, he hails the boatman whom we noticed following in the vessel's wake, in hope of catching a shore errand from some forgetful passenger.

Frank's doubt was now changed to certainty. It was Mr. Herbert, and he had recognized his son!

A rope-ladder is thrown over the side, the boatman makes fast, and soon the stranger has swung himself and a valise into the skiff, and is being rapidly rowed toward the *Atalanta*, while the Cunarder goes on her way minus a passenger.

Frank, nearly wild with excitement, could with difficulty be restrained from throwing himself into the bay, so great was his anxiety to meet his father.

Nearer and nearer came the skiff. A hundred yards away her passenger stood up and waved his hand with a hearty,

"All right, my boy!"

A moment more and with clasped hands father and son look into each other's eyes for the first time in many months.

Amid a running fire of questions—"What brings you here?" "O, father, why didn't you write?" "I thought you were safe in England!" "I feared you were in trouble or in danger!" and to an accompaniment of hand-shakings and back-slappings, and barks from Scratch, their mutual stories were soon told.

On Mr. Herbert's part it was the old tale of letters lost or miscarried. He had written several times from the little mining-town that had been his home for the past half-year, and though no replies had reached him he had not thought it strange. His business completed, he had started that morning on a flying visit to Frank, expecting, of course, to find him safe at school.

"My dear boy," he said, "we will never run such a risk again. Henceforth we will not part!"

Captain Barstow proved to be an old acquaintance of Mr. Herbert's, the latter having several times crossed the Atlantic in his company. While they were proceeding up the bay to New York city, father and son were entertained by him at lunch, and Captain Barstow lost no time in relating how pluckily Frank had behaved on a certain occasion. The boy modestly hung his head, and, to change the current of talk, said:

"It is too bad, father, that you lose your passage-money by the Cunarder."

"But I have found my runaway son, you see," rejoined Mr. Herbert, beaming affectionately upon him from the other side of the table.

"No, you didn't, sir; no, you didn't," thundered Captain Barstow, with twinkling eyes and with a mighty thump of his fist on the board. "*I* should say, now, that this brave young stowaway found *you!*"

And we think the captain was right.

I WONDER if there may not be,
Somewhere in God's eternity,
A workday season long and bright,
For souls belated—whom the night
Surprises ere their tasks are done—
Who grieve o'er golden threads unspun
Because of weariness and set of sun!—*Anon.*

FATHER'S NEW HORSE.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

FATHER and Mother Macdonald were "talking it over."

The lamp burned dim and low, and sputtered as if it thought it had done work enough for one evening. The fire had long burned low and the children had long gone to bed, and it was the eerie time of night when weary people love to talk over their troubles and strain their eyes to see pallid ghosts of future sorrows in the distance.

Jack and Martie in the "triangle," as they called the three-sided cloth-partitioned room which formed their bedchamber, were straining their ears to hear about the ghosts that father and mother were conjuring up out there in the kitchen.

"Don't for the land sakes poke that fire any more, father!" mother was saying, sharply, cross as women often are when their hearts are sorest. "If ever things do git afire anywheres, I do hope you'll take that old poker an' run! It beats any hose comp'ny ever I see fer puttin' out a fire."

Father laid down the poker desperately and sat watching the few red coals make themselves gray shrouds to die in.

"Life aint wuth livin' out here in these Black Hills, and I'm 'bout ready to give it up."

Mother was darning stockings and the boys could hear the long, coarse thread draw slowly through the heel while they held their breath for the answer.

"It's hard, Martin," she said, at last, and the boys knew just how she looked by the way her voice trembled. "I've wished a dozen times this winter that we was back in old Massachusetts. 'Goin' out west to make your fortune' has a fine, grand sound to it, but it's pretty dreary business to the man that don't make it. It comes hard to have your last team-hoss die just now, but don't give up heart, dear! You've got the darlingest children ever a man had, and you know your Mary will help wherever a wife can. Think o' that side some, can't ye?"

Father Macdonald did not answer except by a groan. Mother gave a half sob too, in spite of herself. He had picked up something worse than the poker—Jacky Mack's little shoe. If there is any thing more pathetic than a little child's trodden, half-worn shoe I don't happen to think of it at this minute. The pathos deepens when you don't know where the next pair is coming from. Poor little Jacky Mack went barefoot six days in the week to save these for Sunday.

Father leaned forward heavily and dropped his head between his hands on the kitchen table. At this juncture two of his "darlingest children" punched a hole through the cloth partition to see better.

"Father's crying!" whispered Martie, in an awe-struck tone.

Jack's eyes grew big at the news. Neither of them had ever seen their father cry before. Martie saw his mother lean over and lay a caressing hand on his brown neck.

"The boys are growing bigger every day, Martin!" she said, with a coaxing upward accent. "It breaks my heart to see you take on so!"

Just at this moment, Jack must needs give a tremendous sneeze, and that broke up the conference. Mother came into the triangle to see if the boys were tucked up as they ought to be, and father lifted his bothered head from the table and went to find a softer pillow.

But Martie's and Jack's had brambles in them.

Jack kept shaking his big brown head solemnly and saying over and over, "I never see father cry afore!"

Martie didn't say any thing, but perhaps he thought the more. He was older than Jack. He thought of the schooling that his father pinched and spared to give him, instead of sending him down into the mines like other big boys of fifteen. He thought of guilty naps in the morning while his father had done the "chores," and never scolded, because (as he said) "growin' boys needed sleep more'n vittles."

He thought of a warm, new overcoat, and it made him shiver, for it was father again who had gone without for love's sake. O, I wish fathers and mothers knew how their children's hearts are stirred and thrilled sometimes at the memory of their kindness.

"I tell you what, Jacky Mack!" he burst out, resolutely, at last, sitting up in bed in his earnestness, "Let's you an' me *buy* father a hoss!"

"I've got ten cents toward it," said Jack, hopefully.

"Keep it," returned Martie, sententiously, "And get every ten-cent piece you can, and keep all you get, and *I* believe we can get a spanking big horse for teaming. Lots of old fellows came in from St. Louis a while ago. I believe they was railroad horses—all tired out, you know—and the man got 'em cheap—fifty cents a head, for all I know. Anyhow he said he fatted 'em up and let 'em frolic and kick up their heels out in the pastures, and now he's selling 'em off up here in the Hills for stage-horses, and farming and good solid work—any amount better than these logy old ox-teams. Lots of 'em went off to Montana the other day. I see 'em.

The man made a good spec on 'em, but he can afford to sell 'em cheaper than any body else for all that. Forty or fifty dollars is going to buy a good one, you see."

"Where you go'n' to get your forty or fifty dollars?" demanded Jack, practically.

"We sha'n't want to get up at all to-morrow, if we don't get to sleep in less than half a jiffy," returned Martie, prudently.

Jack found himself alone when he awoke next morning. He hopped out of bed and dressed himself in much the same period of time which Martie had recommended for going to sleep last night, and left the triangle almost expecting to see Martie at the door all saddled and bridled like young Lochinvar. Martie was a man of resources, and what he planned usually came to pass.

But the only horse Jacky saw was a saw-horse, and Martie sawing away at it for dear life.

"You're caught out!" was Martie's greeting. "I've earnt thirty-five cents while you've been snoring."

"What at?" asked Jack, making desperate clutches after his suspenders which, like the Chinaman's cue, "forever hung behind him."

"Fat pine kin'lin's!"

"That all!" said Jack, getting what he called "a good holt" on his suspenders.

"That's a good deal," returned Mart, "when you take in that it's just to *begin*, and you're engaged to bring 'em a basket three times a week all winter. Wont I give 'em good ones, though. Look a' there!" and he held up a little handful of "fat" pine—"dropping with fatness," for the fragrant, pitchy drops literally fell from the freshly cut ends as Martie held them up admiringly.

"Why don't ye do it all round then?" asked Jack, enthusiastically. "Ask every body—lots of folks. Go up to Lead—why not? It's any amount better'n Deadwood to sell things, for all the men folks up there are off to the mines and the women folks have to see to every thing. I got two or three nickels one day bringing up washing water for Mrs. Storman. She gives me cookies besides. *She's* a good woman!"

"All *right!*" rejoined Martie, with emphatic approval. "You fish for nickels among the women folks and I'll back ye up with kindlin's, and you keep your eyes open the whole living time for odd jobs for both of us."

Industry and enthusiasm make a good team, but they are very apt to get "out of step." The boys had often to take on pluck for a "leader" when "their chariot wheels drave heavily."

"I wish we had a horse *now*," Mart said, disconsolately, one morning, stopping to breathe before giving another try at an obstinate pitch-pine stump. "I'd hitch him onto this old root and have it out so quick you'd think it took laughin'-gas!"

"'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!'" quoted Bex, laughingly, filling her apron with splinters for her own fire. "What do you want of a horse, Martin Luther?"

"No matter!" said Mart, ungallantly. "This aint girls' planning," he said, sulkily, to his conscience. You must forgive him. He was only a human boy, and the glory of doing things "all alone" is sometimes too much for grown-ups. "Girls," he went on aloud, "girls are nice enough in their place, but they can't earn money. They can look pretty enough and all that, and go round saying Shakespeare and things, but some things they can't meddle with."

Becsie looked at the lordly young Turk and said "*'M-m-m!*" The little fling at her poetical propensities didn't hurt, but the other was a barbed arrow poisoned with truth. Girls are sometimes so absolutely *helpless* in the matter of money-winning.

"Jes' leaves tell you, though," added Mart, good naturedly. "Us boys want to get father a horse, and I guess we'll have a tough time doing it, but we're bound to put it through. Tell ye what—you can be treasurer, if you want to. Here's nine dollars I've earnt a'ready, and Jack's got two."

Bex took the money and kept her thoughts to herself. But her busy little brain resolved itself into a committee of ways and means as she ran in to get breakfast; and if the biscuits were scorched it was no more than happened to King Alfred when he had important matters on his mind.

"I can't teach!" she said, desperately, putting some chips in the tea-kettle and pouring a dipper of water into the fire. "I don't know—*any thing*," she finished in vexation at her absent-mindedness. "And that's all there is to do out here—Chinamen do all the washing, even."

But the will and the way are close companions. Becsie was hurrying up their twelve o'clock dinner when a shout and bustle outside made her mother run to the window, and the boys rushing in reported "an upset." The Pierre coach, pretty heavily laden, had tipped over in the mud and would take some time to collect its scattered faculties. As this was the nearest house, the passengers came straggling in one after another, in various degrees of mud and misery.

"Rustle round, Becsie, and get 'em a good dinner," said her father, hospitably. "We'll give 'em a good send-off if 'taint a reg'lar *ho*-tel. Get the venison and some o' that new horse-reddish—they'll like it, I warrant ye."

They did like it. One of the men took up the bottle of freshly grated horse-radish and looked at it covetously.

"Just the sort o' stuff to make cold victuals go down on the road," he remarked, longingly. "Know anywhere I can get a little o' the 'intment?"

"You can have that," said Mother Macdonald, generously. "Bex put up twenty bottles this spring. Go get 'em two or three more," she added, kindly. "Psho! pshaw! keep your money!" she said, pushing back the coin he handed out as an equivalent, "we don't make it to sell."

"But I might! I might!" cried Becsie, in an ecstatic undertone.

Archimedes in his bath wasn't half so happy as Bex with her bright idea.

She never said a word about it. But she began to dig, and to scrape, and bottle, and plan, and at last she began to make money.

All alone? No, not quite. She had to take Chatty into her counsels, and she would rather have taken the editor of the "Lead City Reporter." But Chatty (short for Chatterbox) never gave her the choice, and Bex made the best of it. There was one blessed comfort—Chatty was a girl.

Somehow or other the child never told the secret. I think it was because Bex, in despair, never told her not to. So nobody guessed why they took such long walks together. Nobody looked into the remarkably capacious dinner pails they always carried, and so it happened that nobody knew until Becsie chose to reveal it that more money flowed into the little red purse than Mart and Jacky could answer for. Every body wanted it. Every body bought it. It was fifty cents a bottle, and the two pretty girls sold a hundred odd bottles.

One day Becsie called a meeting of stock-holders.

"'Who steals *my* purse,'" began Becsie, growing hilarious and Shakespearean, "'steals'—*forty-five dollars!*"

The boys gave a solemn hurrah. This money came too hard to laugh over. It was good, clean, honest money, but it memorialized blistered hands, aching shoulders, and more than three months of sleepy mornings.

"Take it, my children," said Bex, benignantly, "you have my blessing."

This was all she gave them.

"Not a cent of *my* money for tribute," she said, indignantly. "This isn't boys' planning!"

Before dusk the boys were the proud possessors of a horse. Mart had been watching the market for weeks. He came to Becsie in grand trouble about "a speech."

"How would you, Bex? I want to get up something first-rate—'proudest minute of your life,' you know, and so on. You fix it. Put in piles of Shakespeare. You ought to know enough by this time, way you're always going round with

poetry books under your arm. And then afterward we'll all get hold of hands and lead him out to the stable—"

"The horse?" asked Becsie.

"No, father; and then we'll give him some oats and slip on a bridle onto him—"

"Who—father?"

"No-o-*o!* The horse, of course. That's the one I'm speaking about, aint I? And then he'll say something, you know—they always do—now you stop! I'm talking about father now! I don't care if you do laugh. You just fix up real splendid presentin'-speech and I'll say it all straight enough. Guess you'd feel excited if you'd worked as hard as we have and earned forty-five whole dollars!"

Becsie hugged herself and her secret and sang a line of "Glory, glory, hallelujah."

Night came and the boys fluttered around and hovered around and pounced at last on their astonished parent as he was preparing to go out to his nine o'clock chores, and tried to escort him there with ceremony.

"What ye up to? What ye *doin'!* Who—what—hey!"

Father wasn't used to receiving attentions of this sort. They reached the barn, and fairly inside, Mart essayed to "present" the animal, but Bex's speech had vanished, and all he could say by way of introduction was, "Us boys got you a horse, father—there 'tis!"

But—what! O, it was Becsie's turn to stammer! There was a benevolent moolly-cow placidly chewing her cud in the adjacent stall—and the boys knew nothing about her!

Becsie was called upon to rise and explain. Chatty did it for her. "We bought it," she said, complacently, "out o' horse-yeddishes. Folks said we was nice little girls. I guess they liked us. We kept it all to ourselfs, too!"

Becsie was crying for the fun of it with her head in her father's coat-collar.

It was so nice—and to think she had done part of it!

"Chatty was a cherub and a sphinx," she said, laughing off her tears into her gingham apron. "She 'did good by stealth' if she doesn't 'blush to find it fame.' I like *girls!*" she added, with emphasis.

"Seems to me somebody else likes the "blushing part," cried the boys, delightedly, and then they all began to talk and laugh at once, and surely never before were astonished horse and cow so minutely examined, and criticised, and praised. They hardly went to sleep that night (I mean Father and Mother Macdonald and the children), and nobody had to be called twice to breakfast, I promise you.

They were all so glad. It is a delight to me to tell you the story and know it was true. Mother Macdonald is prouder of her cow than of any thing else in the world, except her children. As for Father Macdonald, he takes it all back, in dust and ashes.

"Life *is* wuth livin' (he declares now)—*anywheres!* Even in the Black Hills. Depends a little, mebbe, on the kind o' child'un you happen to raise!"

LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND.

BY ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

Character of Beza—A Speck of Romance—Beza in the Reformation.

I have again been studying the Reformation memorials in the university museum—this time those of Beza, who was the right-hand man of Calvin, at Geneva, and for many years his successor; hardly less effective than he, and a much more favorite pastor. Nobleman, courtier, poet, scholar, he combined qualities some of which Calvin entirely lacked, and which gave him a superior popularity. The librarian of the French Institute, whom I have heretofore cited as editor of Beza's "Life of Calvin," sketches a pen portrait of the author in vivid French style. There lived, he says, in Paris, in 1540, a young man on whom it seemed that some beneficent fairy had exhausted all her gifts. He was twenty years old, belonged to a noble family, and had kindred in high places. His enemies acknowledged that he was the most charming cavalier anywhere to be seen: well made; intellectual, with an air of distinction and exquisite manners; highly esteemed among the great, and the favorite of women. Certainly there were elegant gentlemen at the court of Francis I., but what made Beza a type apart from them all was the fact that under the best masters he had studied profoundly philosophy, jurisprudence, the ancient languages, and, above all, Greek, and could compete in erudition with the best scholars of the times. Poetry was his idolatry, and at this period his reputation as a poet was solidly established. Fortune favored him, the influence of an uncle at court procured him important "benefices," and he could live in opulent idleness. Clerical "benefices," rich abbeys, were often conferred in those days on young favorites without their taking clerical "orders." You will remember that I have mentioned Calvin as "beneficed" when only twelve years old; lads still younger were sometimes made cardinals. The learned librarian goes on to say that we can easily divine what kind of life was led in Paris by Beza—young, handsome, noble, rich, educated; uniting in his person all the faults and all the accomplishments necessary to please at once people of fashion, men of spirit, scholars, and women. He loved pleasure, was received and fêted every-where, and gave himself to a joyous life, the disorders of which his enemies much exaggerated. What is certain, however, is the fact that, true poet as he was, he was saved by love. His heart was smitten by a young maiden named Claudine Denosse, simple and loving, and who for the moment was superior to him, for she was prudent and wished to remain so. With her Beza encountered a virtuous disposition to which he was not accustomed. Rank, position, fortune, all opposed their marriage. If he married he would have to abandon his "benefices" (for they required celibacy) and sacrifice the high society in which he moved, and his projects for the future. He made a first step in this direction, and Claudine consented to a secret marriage. In the presence of two friends he engaged himself never to enter into "orders," and to do every thing possible to legalize their union.

This sketch gives us the true picture of the man at this period of his life; but it anticipates, and we must turn backward a little. Beza was born at Vezelay, France, June 24, 1519. He early began his studies at Orleans, under Melchior Wolmar, a famous professor, with whom he spent seven years, and who taught him Luther's new opinions. When he had become rector of Calvin's Academy he could write to his old teacher, "There is not a single good study the elements of which I have not learned with thee, not a Greek or Latin author with whom I have not made acquaintance; but the greatest of thy benefits to me is that thou hast led me to the true source of the knowledge of the true God." The youth was really Protestantized by Wolmar so far, at least, as his opinions were concerned. Wolmar had to flee to Germany to escape the stake. Beza resolved to avow at some future time his Protestantism; but the temptations of youth and fortune in his gay court life dispelled for years his good impressions. He published his "Juvenile Poems," a work which made him famous, but the excesses of which he afterward deeply regretted. They were used against him by his Catholic enemies, not, however, without misconstructions which impartial critics have corrected. During all his wayward youth there was, he says, "abiding in his soul good seed" of the truth taught him by Wolmar. It was this that saved him at last. Love, says the French editor, saved him, but it did so only instrumentally. Beza, continues this authority, yielded, little by little, to the salutary counsels of Claudine, and three years of united life had rendered their mutual affection profound, when a dangerous malady settled his purpose. The tender devotion of Claudine during his illness strengthened her influence on his reawakened mind. He saw that his life thus far had been mostly wasted. He resolved to follow, thenceforward, the

precepts of the Gospel, and vowed himself to their propagation. He kept his word. He could not do so in France, but "without hesitation he abandoned his benefices and his hopes of promotion, and, accompanied by his wife, departed for Geneva, which Calvin was making the capital of the Protestantism of Europe. Never, perhaps, had Providence united as co-workers in a common cause two men whose characters were more contrasted."

And now what a story of labors, of trials, of usefulness—of historical achievements, might I not add here, did the limits of a letter allow it? He became second only to Calvin in the Swiss and French Reformation, and, after Calvin's death, was, says another French authority, for more than forty years, "recognized universally as its chief." He was but twenty-nine years old when he joined Calvin. He served as Greek professor at Lausanne for some time; but, rejoining Calvin, was made rector of his academy, and was soon preaching eloquently at the cathedral. A converted man of the world, a poet in the vigor and vivacity of young manhood, with a warm sympathetic heart and polished manners, he won the love as well as the admiration of the Genevese. There are three portraits of him in the museum—two of them representing him in old age, venerable, mild, and the genuine nobleman, with an air of fine distinction. The third (a miniature) presents him in his youth, as he probably appeared not long before his conversion, with a truly beautiful face without a wrinkle, a classical nose, a finely carved mouth, a bright, genial eye, no beard, closely cut auburn hair, aristocratic hands with a conspicuous ring, elegant dress, with slight ruffs at the wrists and neck, and an aspect of exquisite refinement.

While at Lausanne he wrote an appeal to Charles V. in favor of the Reformation, and urging him to become a Protestant. Its remarkable ability signalized him before the learned world as a superior man. He was sent on important missions to Worms, to the courts of German princes, etc., in behalf of the persecuted French Protestants. His experience as a man of the world made him the best diplomatist of his party. His scholarship, especially in Greek and Hebrew, enabled him to become the leading theologian in Calvin's academy. His poetic genius fitted him to complete Marot's unfinished translation of the Psalms, and thus to furnish Swiss and French Protestantism with its best liturgy. He translated the New Testament, wrote the "History of French Protestantism," the "Life of Calvin," and other important works. He spent some time in the south of France, and may be considered the chief founder of Protestantism there, especially in the kingdom of Navarre. The court of Navarre was, for some years, a source of Protestant influence for all that region. The Prince of Condé, and other Protestant chiefs, retained Beza as a powerful aid to them. He was present at the battle of Dreux, and was influential in the counsels of the Protestant leaders. The new cause prevailed greatly over much of the south in spite of terrible persecutions and battles. Henry of Navarre, afterward Henry IV. (you will recall Macaulay's spirited ballad about him), afforded hope of its triumph throughout France. But there was a singular relapse in French Protestantism, a revulsion which is a curious study to the historian. Not long ago I traveled over most of the scenes of its early triumphs in the south, especially in Navarre, and found Romanism in full sway, and Protestantism existing only in feeble scattered remnants. The enemy had generally reconquered the field. This was obvious even in the old capital, Pau, where Calvin, Beza, and Viret had preached, and the court had become Protestantized. How came this reaction? The original Protestants were truly devout; thousands of them suffered as prisoners and martyrs for their cause. Why should they have been defeated? Rationalism invaded the Church, but not in their day, and cannot account for their comparative failure. But nations, as well as individuals, have their idiosyncrasies, and these are fundamental conditions of their progress. The French are a peculiar people, as Cæsar himself observed two thousand years ago—vivid, impetuous, volatile, and changeable. Protestantism succeeded well among them at first, but not permanently. Methodism has operated among them for nearly a hundred years, but reports only about two thousand members. Henry of Navarre, an heroic Protestant, readily changed back to popery in order to become king of France, and Sully, his chief minister, himself a Protestant, advised him to do so. The court and people largely followed his example. Marot, the poet, who had been with Calvin at Geneva, and begun for the Protestants the version of the Psalms which Beza completed, followed the bad example without apparent scruple. Madame de Maintenon, a Protestant of Huguenotic ancestry, married secretly Louis XIV. and brought about the disastrous revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Reformers among such a people need time and persistent labor. It is a curious fact, however, that Genevan Protestantism—so stable and world-wide in its power—was founded by Frenchmen. Farel, Calvin, Beza, were all from France.

Beza returned to Geneva in 1563, and the death of Calvin the next year placed him at the head of the Swiss and French Reformation. He carried forward all the work of Calvin, and, by his more conciliatory spirit, gave it popular power and permanence. He worked mightily till his eightieth year, hoping, as he said, "to die erect;" but for five years more he was disabled by his infirmities. His Claudine had long gone to her final rest, but he lingered, the patriarch of the great little republic. He became so deaf that his rest was not disturbed by the guns and tocsin bells of the memorable night of the *Escalade* (1602), when the Catholics troops of Savoy had nearly taken the city with the determination to extinguish its Protestantism—an event that might have changed the history of Christendom. Priests were with them to reconsecrate the cathedral. When the citizens had won that perilous night, they waked him from his quiet sleep, and he went forth leaning on his staff to meet the rejoicing people and lead them in public thanksgiving. The scene is represented with a good likeness of the patriarch and thirteen other figures in bronze reliefs on a public monument, and has often been reproduced in engravings.

Calvin, Farel, Beza—I have sketched them rapidly, but as fully as my limits will allow. They are a splendid historical triad; and their power is felt to-day all through the "great American Republic," and all over Protestant Christendom. I linger, in meditation, before their old portraits here; but I must not become tedious about the Reformation, and in my next will turn to other subjects. Still, the Reformation will be ever recurrent. It touches all the history and life of this people; and at the very moment (Saturday, August 22), when I close these lines, flags are waving on all the Protestant church spires; for they celebrate the "Jubilee" of the Reformation, and to-morrow the heroic old story will be recited in all the temples, and the children of the city schools will march by thousands in procession, with banners and music, to a public park, to receive there, from the city, a gratuitous dinner and medals commemorating the great epoch. Calvin, Farel, Beza, are then still abroad. Such men never die.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

LEARN to live, and live to learn,
Ignorance like a fire doth burn,
Little tasks make large return.

In thy labors patient be;
Afterward, released and free,
Nature will be bright to thee.

Toil, when willing, groweth less;
"Always play" may seem to bless,
Yet the end is weariness.

Live to learn, and learn to live,
Only this content can give;
Reckless joys are fugitive!—*Bayard Taylor.*

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

BY JENNIE M. BINGHAM.

"WHERE shall we spend this beautiful Sunday afternoon?" my companion asks, as we stand hesitating on a street corner in the big city. "Shall it be a vesper service in some old church? Some spot where the 'dim religious light' falls through high old windows on marble floors, and chanting choir-boys will be quite after your own heart, I fancy."

"Sometimes, but not to-day," I answer. "Instead, let us go down to the Five Points service of song. Chanting choir-boys and swinging censers are food for dreamy sentiment, very likely, but not as much after my heart as a chorus of children."

All through the busy week of sight-seeing I had felt a tugging desire to attend this service.

A few blocks up Broadway and we turn down Worth Street. Every moment we expect to come upon the wretched hovels and dire poverty of which we have heard from our childhood. Instead, are rows of neat tenements, showing a density of population, to be sure, but not such distress as we had pictured. "He who runs may read" that some wonderful influence has been working here.

Soon we reach the six-storied brick building with its welcome sign, and already the sound of a distant organ trembles on the quiet Sabbath air.

We enter the beautiful little chapel, and have just taken seats in the gallery when the children come marching in, with hands on each other's shoulders, singing as they come a processional hymn,

"I'm going to be a soldier."

There is a pipe-organ in the chapel which seems somehow to know the children, for it talks to them in such low, sweet tones I do not wonder they love to sing back to it. Instinctively you feel that it is fully in sympathy with the singers and the service.

And still they come, row after row, until the pyramids of little arm-chairs rising each side of the big organ are filled with the two hundred and eighty children. You are surprised at the bright, beautiful faces. I do not believe that any Sunday-school in the city will furnish prettier children.

The little girls wear white aprons and collars fastened with a bit of bright-colored ribbon, which gives the little color the pyramid needs and fills out the picture wonderfully.

And how they sing! The wonder increases each moment. They warble like birds, as if indeed Heaven had taught them. They render Haydn's "Silent night" and Rossini's "Hark! what mean those holy voices?" until you own that such are the harmonies which you had sometimes dreamed filled the court of heaven; and you feel that you are purer and better for the hearing.

The recitations of Scripture in concert are also marvelously done. It is like one voice, so perfect is the concert.

Quite near the organ is a face that attracts you, though it is the voice that calls you at first, for she takes the solo parts. At once you begin to plan her future as a Nillson or Parepa Rosa, for she is certainly the star. The face is a pale, sorrowful one, prematurely old, and she stares away sadly at the window while she sings, as though she sang to herself and cared not who heard. You wonder what kind of an experience has made the world seem a weary, dreary place to this little songster.

Very different, because smiling and happy, are the faces of the four little girls who join hands, trip out in front, and sing in lisping, baby voices a sweet little song in which the refrain says,

"Little ones of God are we."

They remind you of the little children who were found all alone in a garret in London, and when asked who they were answered,

"Granny calls us God's sparrows."

You are thankful to a kind Providence who, through the agency of this splendid charity, feeds these little larks every day, and suffers them not to fall to the ground.

The superintendent is a very tall, very slim man, who stands over the children in a protecting, overshadowing way that makes you love him at once.

Occupying a seat quite near us, in the visitors' gallery, sat a man who had evidently come in like ourselves for an hour of entertainment. He was a stout man with a grim, sour face, and somehow you feel at once that he is wonderfully out of place here. He doesn't seem to be listening much, perhaps has attended before. But when the quartette of wee ones trot to the front and sing their little song you see that he is touched. The hard lines melt away, and the bleared eyes, which speak of a week's debauch, overflow in healing tears.

Instantly he recovers himself, and in a shame-faced way seeks to hide his emotion, while you reproach yourself for the hard thoughts you have had about him. Perhaps one of those bairns is his, you think, and at once you wish you knew what brings him here and the history of what seems to be a hard life.

Soon they sing again that beautiful hymn,

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

Was there ever a sweeter invitation to a weary, sinful man? No matter how bad a man may be, he forgets to put up defenses against a sermon given by a chorus of children's voices in music which charms the ear while it teaches the heart.

The words are so distinctly spoken by the sad-faced prima donna as she takes the solo that the roar and tremble of the organ seem very far away. These singers have not been trained in the choir style which distorts the words and makes the hymn a meaningless babble. You do not lose a syllable.

When the collection-box passes (is it wrong to peek?) you notice that your neighbor puts in a bill which he wads up savagely and drops in quickly as if he had done something to be ashamed of.

At the close of the service the children go below to their supper, which is evidently the part of the programme *they* enjoy most. It is an interesting sight to see this little army take their places around the tables so quickly and quietly, and fall to eating on the bread and milk, cookies, and apples, with a relish hearty and refreshing.

Among the spectators standing around the walls of the long dining-room is a row of mothers. One knows them by the hungry, absorbed faces as they look eagerly up and down the long rows for certain lambs of the flock. *They* are not there to coldly inspect a new phase of charity. No, no. Somewhere in that crowd is a Johnnie or Maggie who belongs to them—all they have in the world may be—and this hour the only time in the busy week when they can come to view their treasures. They are shabbily dressed for the most part, with care-worn faces and toil-hardened hands.

When supper is over and the simple thanks have been sung, the mothers wait a moment to kiss and caress the little ones whom they must leave here, while they go away out into the big world for another week of work and struggle, cheered through it all no doubt by the thought of the safe, happy home where the bairns are sheltered meanwhile.

By this time we are so interested that we petition to make a tour of the building, which is readily granted. The stairways and partitions seem a trifle cold and bare, as they are all brick (a prevention against fire, doubtless), and are painted a dark color. There is a printing-office, where the boys are taught to set type; a play room, where huge families of dolls delight the hearts of diminutive mothers; a hospital where the sick and feeble are tenderly nursed; and dormitories,

where long rows of little white beds remind us that two hundred and eighty children are "tucked up" here nightly.

There is also a day-nursery where mothers who work out by the day may bring their children and have them boarded and tended for five cents a day. In cases of extreme poverty no price is asked.

Already the children come hopping gayly up stairs toward the dormitories with "Good-night" salutations.

As we gain the street it is dusk, and the street-lamp blazes brightly overhead. It is indeed indicative of this blessed institution, "A light in a dark place." Five Points! The locality which so few years ago was the plague-spot of New York, where it was unsafe for a man to go in day-time unaccompanied by a policeman. *Now*, clean, respectable, civilized, safe!

We lift thankful hearts heavenward as we turn away, and feel to pray that, like the holy fire of the temple, this sacred light may never be allowed to go out or flicker dimly.

WITH A SUNLIGHT PENCIL.

BY ADELAIDE SKEEL.

PHOTOGRAPHY is the fashion. In England the Prince of Wales is staining his royal fingers with pyro, fogging his dry plates with white light, over or under exposing his negatives, using too much hypo or too little alum.

He is probably making as many mistakes as we whose heads are uncrowned, but how do you think His Royal Highness looks in red light? and does the sun, which never sets over the queen's wide realm, draw better pictures for him than for us? Of one thing I am sure, the prince can find no more fun in it than we, who plod along only wishing dry plates grew on trees, like the breakfasts and suppers in Pandora's paradise, that we might experiment on an unlimited number without regard to our limited incomes.

The question asked in one of our magazines lately, "*Shall I buy a camera?*" used to be answered in the negative, on account of the expense of the whole photographing apparatus, but now that excellent outfits are sold by all the leading manufacturers at reasonably low prices, there is no reason why amateur picture-making should remain only a prince's pastime. Ten dollars buys a good camera, while five or ten more will buy one all necessary chemicals, weights, scales, trays, etc., for developing, toning, and printing.

Manuals and guides for the amateur photographer flood the market, so it is useless to give practical details of the work. Enough to say that photography is something more than a pleasing pastime—it is an art; and although the amateur has no ambition to open a gallery and take pictures at so much a dozen, he must be ambitious to do good work, and to understand each new blunder. Since nothing is more disheartening than failure, whether we see it in a badly sewed seam, or unsafe building, every one who shows blue print, proof, or glass negative to an inquiring friend must have ready his best effort.

Granted, then, that people are ready to work seriously and not to be easily satisfied, how much time does it take? First of all, day-time, and, second, night-time; but a person may easily take up photography as a second business, using it as a holiday recreation which our English cousins tell us we so sorely need, or a boy or girl with plenty of leisure can make good headway in the art by giving up a half or a quarter of their idle hours. It is less violent exercise for girls than lawn tennis, yet gives them quite as much out-door air. One walks miles with the tripod looking for a sketchy bit, and many minutes slip away when one's head is under the focusing cloak, studying this pose of the sitter or that corner of a tangled vine.

How we learn to look and to see! Artists have told us our old horse looked well grazing in the pasture lot, but we did not know it till we focused him and looked—indeed we were not quite sure till we went into the dark closet and watched the slow appearance of the black lines coming on the plate, first the sky, then the delicate foliage of the sumach-vine, then the broken rail fence, then—yes, Dobbin himself, unblurred and perfect!

Every one begins with family portraits, but after giving an unusual amount of dissatisfaction, one turns to Nature, who at least stands still and does not talk back. What Corot-like studies of trees we can make even in a village street, and what views of mountain and river one brings back from a journey, shut up in the dark plate-holder, waiting the magic touch to be seen by all!

Was the Lady of Shalott looking at the pictures reflected on the ground glass of a camera, do you think, when she saw

> "Moving through a mirror clear,
> Which hung before her all the year,
> Shadows of the world appear?"

Did she take instantaneous views of surly village churls, of red-cloaked market-girls, of page and shepherd lad, and of the knights who rode by, two and two, when, alas! she, poor lady, had no loyal knight and true?

No. I think her magic mirror could not have been a camera, else she would never had let it crack, from side to side, when Lancelot rode by. Her lot was a hard one, the curse was upon her, yet I know she would never had declared herself half sick of shadows had she known how to turn the darkest ones into good account by using the sunlight pencil of photography.

SOME REMARKABLE PARROTS.

BY WILL M. CLEMENS.

HISTORY and tradition tell us of some most remarkable parrots. In the seventeenth century, during the government of Prince Maurice in Brazil, he had heard of an old parrot that was much celebrated for answering like a rational creature many common questions. The parrot was at a great distance from his residence, but so much had been said about it that the prince's curiosity was aroused, and he directed the bird to be sent for. When pretty Poll was introduced into the room where the prince was sitting in company with several Dutchmen, the bird immediately exclaimed in the Brazilian language,

"What a company of white men are here!"

They asked, "Who is that man?" pointing to the prince.

The parrot answered, "Some general or other."

The prince was ignorant of the language, and when the attendants carried the bird to him, he asked it through the medium of an interpreter,

"To whom do you belong?"

The parrot answered, "To a Portuguese."

He asked again, "What do you there?"

The bird answered, "I look after chickens."

The prince laughed, and exclaimed, "You look after chickens?"

The parrot in answer said, "Yes, I, and I know well enough how to do it!" clucking at the same time in imitation of the hen to call together her young.

Early in the present century, there died the celebrated parrot of Colonel O'Kelly, who lived in Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, London. This wonderful parrot sang a number of songs in perfect time and tune. She could express her wants and give her orders very much like a human being. She could repeat a number of sentences and answer many questions put to her. When singing she beat time with all the appearance of science, and she would often correct her mistakes in singing. This parrot died at the age of thirty years. Parrots frequently live to the age of one hundred.

In a bird-store once upon a time, the keeper of the shop taught his birds to say cute things, and when a young lady called to buy a parrot he brought out a green parrot that

was small and meek-looking. The dealer asked the bird to "Say something sweet to the pretty lady." The bird, to the surprise of all, rolled one eye knowingly and croaked out, "I aint as green as I look."

A common gray parrot having been brought from Guinea by a sailor with a coarse, rough voice, and afflicted with a cough, the parrot learned to imitate the exact tones of his master, even to the cough, so closely that the sound of his voice was often mistaken for that of the sailor. The bird was afterward taken in hand by another instructor and taught a softer tone, but it never forgot the harsh voice of its former master, and often amused by-standers by relapsing into sea-slang, interspersed with the cough of the sailor.

While Dean Stanley was a canon at Canterbury, a gentleman who had been invited to breakfast with him found all the servants assembled in the garden, where the master's parrot was at large in a tree. The master came out at that moment. The parrot looked down at him, and said, in a slow but distinct voice—exactly like the dean's—"Let us not pray." The bird was eventually captured by the aid of a fishing-rod.

A grey parrot was stationed in a nursery, where his greatest delight was to see the baby bathed. The child becoming ill, the parrot was removed to the kitchen. There after a time he set up a terrible cry: "The baby! the dear baby!" All the family rushed down to find the parrot in a state of the wildest excitement watching the roasting of a sucking pig.

A gentleman in Yorkshire was attacked with a fever about Christmas time, and his parrot was removed from the dining-room to the kitchen, where its voice was less likely to disturb its master. It remained there for several weeks, during which time it stole the raisins intended for a plum-pudding. The cook in anger threw some hot grease at it, and scalded its head. When the gentleman got better the parrot was removed to the dining-room. The master came in with his head newly shaved, whereupon the parrot turned one eye upon him, and slowly said, "You bald-headed ruffian! So you stole the cook's plums, did you?"

A parrot belonging to a hotel in Philadelphia walked about on the window ledge one night. The window was open and the bird lost her balance and fell on the pavement below. A policeman picked up the bird, and as he carried Polly into the hotel, she said,

"Polly's sick."

Blood trickled from its green feathered head, and as the officer handed it to the clerk the bird said again, as it closed its eyes,

"Polly's sick."

While its wounded head was being washed and bathed, the parrot repeated several times,

"Polly's sick."

For an hour it lay perfectly quiet with its eyes closed, and then suddenly repeated again,

"Polly's sick."

A moment later the parrot fell over dead.

THE MIND CURE.

THAT the imagination plays a prominent part in all cures is a theory which is constantly receiving support from such cases as the following, related by the "Lewiston Journal." It is worthy of a place in the annals of famous medical triumphs by the side of the famous "brown bread pill remedy:"

A good illustration of mind cure was recently developed by an Auburn lady, who, in a twinkling, was cured of a raging sick headache by a few gentle strokes of a small bit of hard wood across the forehead. The lady in question has been troubled with blinding headaches for a series of years, and had tried remedies of all sorts which her friends had recommended as sure cures, but with no perceptible relief to her aching temples. Finally one day this week a friend induced her to purchase some of the Japanese headache cure, which the reader will remember is placed inside a little wooden case resembling an acorn. When the lady applied the remedy she simply rubbed the wood over her head, not thinking to open the Japanese device and apply the remedy, and no sooner had the wood come in contact with the seat of pain when she exclaimed: "What a relief this is! Why hadn't I thought of this before? It's perfectly wonderful how this Japanese headache cure charms away my headache!" The hard pine did its work to perfection, for the lady hasn't had a semblance of headache since.

WHITTIER'S LATEST POEM.

A FISHING schooner recently lanched at Bath, Maine, was christened *John G. Whittier*, and in recognition of this mark of appreciation the poet sent to the owners of the vessel the following lines, the latest product of his pen:

TO A CAPE ANN SCHOONER.

Luck to the craft that bears this name of mine!
Good fortune follow with the golden spoon
The glazed hat and tarry pantaloon;
And wheresoe'er her keel shall cut the brine
Cod, hake, and mackerel quarrel for her line.
Shipped with her crew, whatever wind may blow
Or tides delay, my wish with her shall go,
Fishing by proxy. Would that it might show
At need her course, in lack of sun and star,
Where icebergs threaten and the sharp reefs are;
Lift the blind fogs on Anticosti's lee
And Avalon's rocks; make populous the sea
Round grand Menan with eager finny swarms,
Break the long calms and charm away the storms.

Oak Knoll, 3d mo., 23, 1886. JOHN G. WHITTIER.

DISRAELI AS A DUDE.

THE "Home Letters" of Benjamin Disraeli, written when their author was a young man traveling in southern Europe in search of health, abound in brilliant pictures of scenery and society; but the interest of the collection centers in those passages in which the future idol of half the English nation discloses some traits in his own character. Writing from Gibraltar in 1830 he says:

Tell my mother that as it is the fashion among the dandies of this place—that is, the officers, for there are no others—not to wear waistcoats in the morning, her new studs come into fine play and maintain my reputation of being a great judge of costume, to the admiration and envy of many subalterns. I have also the fame of being the first who ever passed the strait with two canes—a morning and an evening cane. I change my canes as the gun fires and hope to carry them both on to Cairo. It is wonderful the effect these magical wands produce. I owe to them more attention than to being the supposed author of—what is it?—I forget.

In a letter from Cadiz he writes:

I am sorry to say my hair is coming off just at the moment it had attained the highest perfection, and was universally mistaken for a wig, so that I am obliged to let the women pull it to satisfy their curiosity. Let me know what my mother thinks. There are no wigs here that I could wear. Pomade and all that is quite a delusion. Somebody recommends cocoa-nut oil, which I could get here; but suppose it turns it gray, or blue, or green!

A GLIMPSE OF GRANT.

A CORRESPONDENT in Council Grove, Kansas, sends us an anecdote of General Grant which shows in an interesting manner the strong practical sense of the great commander in contrast with the overbearing tone of the young officer. The story is given in his own words:

In 1865, when serving as a delegate of the Christian Commission in the Army of the Potomac, I was at City Point waiting for a boat to take me to Point of Rocks. I was watching a gang of Negroes unloading barreled pork from a steamer under the direction of a young second lieutenant. The men were slow and awkward, and the officer was swearing at a fearful rate. They would roll the barrels over the guards of the boat and then push them up a steep bank. There was a pile of planks and timber near by, and I wondered why the lieutenant did not have the wit to have the men make a bridge from the boat to the bank, but being a civilian I thought I would not provoke an extra explosion of profanity by offering the suggestion. I had watched the work so intently that I had not noticed the approach of a smallish man in a heavy army overcoat until he was nearly under where I stood when I heard him saying to the men, "Boys, you are doing a great deal of hard work unnecessarily. Here, take hold," and leading the way he took hold of a piece of timber, and helped to put it in place where it was wanted. Under his directions a bridge was soon built, and the pork barrels were rolled out in a hurry. His coat concealed the evidences of his rank, and I asked the clerk who he was. "That," said he, "is General Grant." The general did not say a word to the lieutenant, but the silent rebuke was most bitter.

OCH, THIN!—An Irish gentleman, overhearing a Dublin car-driver asking an exorbitant fare of an unsuspecting foreigner, expostulated with him on his audacious misstatement of the tariff, concluding with the words, "I wonder you haven't more regard for the truth!" "Och, indeed, thin, I've a great dale more regard for the thruth than to be dhragging her out on every palthry occasion!" was the reply.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

WE are interested in the prevailing "strikes." They show that men are thinking, and deciding, and planning, and that we are not a nation of beasts of burden with drivers behind them. We are men and not animals, freemen and not slaves. The men who toil day after day propose to have a share in the profits which their service accumulates. They are not machines, but husbands and fathers, and souls, with brain and heart, and with personal responsibility. If working-men are willing to work for scarcely enough to feed and clothe themselves and their children, while the proprietors coin money to expend in luxury, pleasure-travel, and other selfish gratifications, the latter will, of course, allow it, and continue to pay the toilers insufficiently. But this state of things is slavery. It oppresses whole families and communities. "It's no fair," as the boys say. And working-men with an ounce of brains think a positive protest, and the thought grows into an action, and the action develops into what is called a "strike."

A WORKING-MAN'S protest is not of necessity always just, nor is the thought that begets it always wise. In a given case the proprietor may not be making money at all. He may really be losing. He may be keeping up his business at a loss to give his men something to do. He may be a man of large hope, or he may expect a good result to come from certain changes which he thinks he foresees, and therefore he keeps the mill running or the shop turning out machines. Men who have nothing to think about but the one particular kind of mechanical work they do may not be as competent to judge of affairs in general, of future probabilities and of present tendencies, as are the men who handle large interests, take broad outlooks, feel the weight of personal financial responsibility. The man at the work-bench may not be as wise and far-sighted as the man at the desk in the counting-room. The brain that has power to project, and to anticipate, and to circumvent, and to control, and who by this power has honestly won capital and position, may be much wiser than the man who rarely plans and who controls nothing beyond the limit of his mechanical service. The probability is that the proprietor has this advantage. This is to be remembered when men "strike," because otherwise they may be foolish and unjust in the strike.

MEN resolved on reform may and should organize. Labor Unions may be good things. They are undoubtedly good things when they aim to promote intelligence and intelligent union of effort among men who work in shops and who are in danger of running all to "hand" instead of using brain power to examine, discriminate, decide, and devise. Labor Unions that put men in the way of reading and debating are good things. Labor Unions ought to be encouraged by every body when they teach, by lectures, books, and papers, political economy, self-education, domestic comfort, temperate habits, taste for art, reverent attendance upon Church, and all the elements that make good men, happy families, and Christian character. Labor Unions should be supported and in every way aided when they appoint intelligent committees to examine and make report on abuses by the corporations, their legal rights and limitations, the oppression by subordinate managers of the day laborers, and all this class of topics. Labor Unions that thus appeal to the voters and the public teachers through the press and in public conventions will soon make an impression on the nation and guarantee political action which will secure fairness to all concerned. Such Labor Unions are an advantage to every body: To capitalists who are honest and want to do right but are not aware of abuses from which their working-men but not they themselves suffer; to capitalists who are heartless and dishonorable and who ought to be exposed and held up to public contempt; to the teachers of the people, especially in the pulpit, whose business it is to promote justice and kindness between man and man, and to help on "good-will," and to the numberless families who are dependent upon the capitalists for employment and who by this very dependence are saved from responsibilities and anxieties of which they have never dreamed. Let the Labor Unions collect statistics, enlighten the public, secure popular sympathy, and appeal to the ballot-box! In this work they have the hearty well-wishes of all good citizens.

BUT when Labor Unions say to a corporation or an individual, "If you employ certain men or classes of men we will by force take away your business, and freedom, and manhood; we will stop your spindles, put out your fires, side-track your cars, 'kill' your engines, and ruin your business"—when Labor Unions resort to this savage method they are guilty of unutterable and inexcusable meanness and injustice with which no righteous man can have sympathy for one moment. They ruin their own cause. They unite and array against themselves the intelligence of the whole community. They make war upon the nation. They are rebels of the worst type. When a just cause adopts unjust methods, it at once makes itself an unjust cause, and while there may be sympathy for the original sufferers, there is clamor for vengeance upon the advocates of the dishonorable and unrighteous expedients employed. Strikers have no right to interfere with the rights of American citizens. The barbarous policy will be treated as it deserves, and unfortunately the cause of reform will be for a time set back. The American people will not be ruled by slave-drivers or boycotters. What they said and did concerning the former twenty-five years ago they are ready to say and do now concerning the latter. We are a nation of freemen, and have an untrammeled platform for discussion, and are resolved to have a pure ballot-box for final decisions on all questions affecting the rights of American citizens.

THE school-boy strikes, a few of which have been reported in the daily papers, if not strokes of the American boy's humor, are pitiable illustrations of the evil effects of the brute method for correcting commercial and social irregularities. They are, moreover, a sad commentary upon the defects of our American homes, and should be cured and prevented by a little wholesome parental striking. Spanking should come in vogue again.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for May 16, 1886. THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.—John 4. 43-54.
GOLDEN TEXT.—John 4. 50.

PREFATORY.—The pilgrimage northward continues. From Jerusalem to Jacob's well is about thirty-four miles, about the distance from New Haven to Hartford. From Jacob's well to Cana and Capernaum is about sixty miles farther, about as far and in the same general direction as it is from Hartford to Deerfield on the Connecticut River, thirty-three miles north of Springfield. But there were no trains or fast stage lines in those days, and the great Teacher with his disciples walked toward the north, crossing the south-eastern extension of Mount Carmel, passing over the broad, level, and fertile plain of Esdraelon with Little Hermon and Mount Tabor in sight, and no doubt the white brow of the great Hermon in view to the north. I made this trip on horseback in 1863, and from the top of Tabor could trace the old and well-beaten path from south to north across the valley or plain of Esdraelon. The mustard was in bloom, and its golden flowers glorified the plain that day.

INTERROGATORY.—How long did Jesus stay in the vicinity of Jacob's well? Why is it said that "a prophet hath no honor in his own country?" Is it true? Why ever true? Just why is the proverb quoted here as Jesus is about going into his own country? What is the principal fact in the lesson of to-day? How far from Cana to Capernaum? What twofold miracle do you find here? Is it hard to believe this miracle? What practical lessons do you draw from it?

HOMILY.—An English-speaking man in Paris in an English-speaking family is not as likely to learn to speak in French as if he were to board in a French family that could not speak a word of English. The knowledge that an English word or sentence will help him out of a hard place and prevent embarrassment will lead him to leap into his native tongue, whereas under other circumstances he would be compelled to struggle after a French expression, to make signs, to work himself into intense desire to get hold of the right word; and this warming up would make his memory good when once he caught the term he was after. In a little while the success secured by this compulsory process would encourage him to use French in preference to English, and thus he would soon talk French with ease and pleasure. His necessities would develop him. So the best way to learn how to swim is to cast one's self into deep water and be compelled to swim.

Jesus came to teach mankind the language of heaven, that we might think in it, live in it, and be able to use it. Heaven is invisible. It is the world of blessedness that human eyes cannot see. It is spiritual. It is a world of delight, but not the delight of sense. We incline to live in the earthly and visible. We accept what we see. In religion we prefer days and places, and signs and feelings. We don't like to trust in the invisible. Therefore the sacraments and services, the "host," and statues, and pictures which the pagan Church (Roman Catholic) provides to "help the faith" of the ignorant people she holds in bondage. Against all this superstition Jesus protests. Times, and places, and signs are an offense to him where they are substitutes for his own spiritual presence. The nobleman wanted Jesus to go to Capernaum—nine miles. Jesus by his divine power wrought a cure through the space, and that without messenger or telegraphic wire. He said, "Go thy way; thy son liveth." And sure enough the cure had been effected, as the nobleman found on his way home to Capernaum. It was more wonderful than the telephone. So great is the power and so wide-reaching the presence of Christ.

PRAYER.—O Christ, who when in Cana art also in Capernaum, and who when in heaven art also in the earth—we look by faith to Thee for healing and help. Thou art not far from every one of us. Speak the life-giving word to our hearts and fill us with Thy strength and peace. Amen.

A PARABLE OF JUDGMENT.

BY T. M. GRIFFITH.

A CERTAIN man died; and behold, his spirit passed into eternity, and there the angel of judgment met him and said unto him, "Child of earth, what seekest thou?" And he answered, "I seek the gate of heaven; for have I not been a member of the Church, lo, these many years, and there is no man in the town where once I lived in the flesh but will say that I have stood above all my brethren in faithful attendance, in reverent worship, and in generous gifts. Now, therefore, show me the way to the gate, for I would fain enter without delay." But the angel of judgment said, "Tarry a moment, for I have somewhat to say unto thee. For thou must know that we have watched thee from these heavenly heights all thy life long, and now we know that thou art not fit to pass through the gate. Didst thou not oppress thy hirelings with thy petty pride, and cause them always to feel that they had no part in thy sympathies? Didst thou not make much money during thy life? And what didst thou do with it? Thou selfish creature! didst thou imagine it was all thine own? Behold, how many thousands of like passions with thyself might have been made blessed with thy means, and thou didst consume them on thine own desires! And, then, didst thou not marry a wife?"

Now at the mention of that word the man trembled and shrank within himself; for the pale, wan face of the woman he once vowed to love rose up before him; and he knew he had sapped her strength, and broken her spirit, and blighted her being, by his heartless ways. For, many a time had he turned away from her warm love, and left her to her loneliness, while he sought his pleasure. Full oft had he cast a chill over her wifely devotion by his indifference. And, as with a flash, now came to him all the thoughtless words that wounded her to the quick, and so he stood speechless, and the angel said unto him, "Hast thou not heard the maxim, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself?' And thou—remember how thou hast loved only thyself, even in thine own home!" And the angel departed from him.

Then it came to pass that spirits of evil gathered from afar, and one of them lifted up his voice and said, "Here is one that is become as one of us!" and they conveyed him away far from the gate of heaven. Nor was there one in all the skies whom he had loved and saved that might have pleaded his cause.

He that hath understanding let him know that love is heaven and selfishness is hell.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That boycotting is justifiable.

Negative.

No. 1.—Starting with the hypothesis that boycotting is unjustifiable, let us suppose the contrary to be true. We have the equation:

Boycotting = justice.

Boycotting = robbing a man of the means with which to support his family = injustice.

There now remains, justice = injustice.

From this *reductio ad absurdum* boycotting is proven unjustifiable. It may be said, Boycotting is not actual theft; in some cases there is much excuse. Granted the latter clause, does that prove the former? Is there any moral man, even though he be not a professing Christian, who would feel himself called upon to burn a neighbor's house merely because said neighbor had done him some injustice? The freedom of a man in all lawful use of his possessions is something which should be enforced by the law of his country, but not undertaken by individuals.

E. M. CLARK.

No. 2.—"Boycotting" is tyrannical, un-American, and opposed to the liberty and freedom which constitutes the character of a true republic.

An attempt to interfere with a person's business by the employment of intimidation, threats, violence, or otherwise is a criminal offense, and punishable as such. Fair dealings and justice would settle all disputes between capital and labor were it not for the invariable habit of the workmen to use the "strike" and the "boycott" as a means of furthering their claims. At present the working classes in this country seem to have a mania for "strikes."

While we hope that justice will not be slow in punishing any offenses against the law and order of the community, we sincerely trust that the final result will be to crush out forever the barbarous and illegal system of "boycotting."

HARRY POWELL.

Negative arguments should be sent to OUR YOUTH, *Plainfield, N. J., before May* 8, 1886.

BEST BOOKS.

Oceana; or, England and Her Colonies. By James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 50.

This book contains the story of the author's recent trip around the world in search of information respecting the English colonies and their attitude toward the mother country. In a brilliant style, which is equaled by few living English writers, Mr. Froude portrays the present condition of the settlements at the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, and New Zealand. He devotes some space also to our own country, in which he finds little to admire beyond the energy and enterprise of its people. Numerous illustrations add to the interest of the work.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

We reproduce this week a most able letter by the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, published in "The Century" in reply to the proposal of Dr. Shields to unite the various branches of the Christian Church in America on the basis of the Protestant Episcopal liturgy. Let every body read it. Dr. Crosby says:

The Rev. Dr. Shields has prescribed a very simple remedy for Church separation among Protestants, namely, union on the basis of the Protestant Episcopal liturgy. Coming from a Presbyterian, this is very complimentary to our Episcopal brethren, and very magnanimous for a Princeton man. We have heard of other easy schemes to the same end, as, for example, union on the basis of the Solemn League and Covenant.

But the plan is too easy and simple; that is, it is so easy and simple for one denomination that it would be very hard for the rest. The one denomination that would have to do nothing would enjoy the operation, but those that had to do all the changing might find it a very severe process. We only know of two Presbyterian ministers who could be counted on as venturing on this one-sided consolidation—Dr. Shields himself and my excellent friend Dr. Hopkins. I know a little about Presbyterians, and of them only I speak. They are not in love with the Episcopal liturgy. They cannot extol it in the panegyric of Dr. Shields. They like parts of it very well, and count most of it excellent English, but they object to a great deal in it, and could never make use of it.

1. They object to the breaking up of prayer into little fragments, each beginning with an invocation and ending with a formal peroration. They consider this style of prayer too artificial and leading to a mechanical worship.

2. They object to the open-eyed reading of prayer, as tending to withdraw the mind from the unseen.

3. They object to the stereotyped prayer, however excellent.

4. They object to the Litany *in toto*, as putting the believer far off from God, calling on him to spare him as a "miserable sinner," when, as an accepted child of God, he should reverently call upon God as a dear Father near at hand, ready to bestow his gifts abundantly. The Litany has no feature suited to the "heir of God or joint-heir with Christ." Many of the features of the Litany (like the prayer against sudden death) are but relics of Romanism, and its repetitions are unmeaning.

5. They object to the absolution declaration, which is only a toning down of the Roman absolution bestowal. No minister is authorized to pronounce an absolution on the penitent any more than one who is not a minister. That grand truth is for every body to know and to proclaim. The minister has no prerogative here, as this section of the prayer-book would imply. It is a remnant of the priestly idea of a Christian minister, while Presbyterians hold that all believers are equally priests, and that a minister is only an ordained leader and ruler.

6. They object to the repetitions of the Lord's prayer as if it were a magical formula which was effective by frequent repetition.

7. They object to the clear remnants of transubstantiation in the communion service, and of baptismal regeneration in the baptismal service—two doctrines which Presbyterians abhor.

With such objections on the part of Presbyterians (in which, I doubt not, Baptists, Methodists, and Congregationalists would largely concur), how can Dr. Shields's plan of union on the Episcopal liturgy be of avail?

The truth is that Christians cannot be made to agree on the points referred to, nor on secondary matters of doctrine and Church government, nor is it desirable that they should agree. Down deep in the fundamentals of Christ's divinity, incarnation, sacrifice for sin, the gift of the Spirit, faith, repentance, the new life, Christians of all evangelical creeds and customs agree, and on these they can unite, but on nothing else. A visible union can be brought about only with the liberty of each Christian or group of Christians holding his or her differences in creed and custom. The union would be by periodical congress for prayer and conference, and by co-operative work in Christian associations and alliances for general effort against falsehood and infidelity. This union is feasible, and is, indeed, beginning to be a fact through more enlightened Christendom.

I am an out-and-out Presbyterian, but I find it a delight to work with my Episcopal friends in their admirable Church Temperance Society. I have worked side by side with Baptists and Methodists in city missions and in Young Men's Christian Associations, and it never occurred to any of us to think of denominational differences. I am a member of two ministerial organizations where ministers of all the Protestant denominations meet every week or fortnight, and the ties of friendship and esteem are equally strong between all. Here is Christian union of the highest sort. In maintaining and fostering such brotherhood we shall arrive at the perfection of Christian union, without touching the individual differences of view regarding the non-essentials of religion; and, furthermore, such a course will inevitably operate in making us all slough off such differences as are inimical in their spirit of true Christian fellowship. It will promote a spirit of yielding as against the spirit of mere prejudice, and establish true liberty in conjunction with solid and effective union.

The liturgy scheme is very pretty, but there is no substance in it. It is too romantic for plain people who wish for reality. It is a holding together the beams of a house with Spalding's glue. It looks very fair while it sticks, but the breath of the zephyr will bring chaos. We must have something that works from the heart outward if we would have strength and permanency. That which is plastered on from without is deceptive and transitory.

Howard Crosby.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

The Selection of Words.

A great deal has been said in *The School at Home* about the importance of using simple, clear, and appropriate language. It is a peculiarity of English, however, that, drawing its materials from so many different sources, it oftentimes presents two or more words which express almost the same idea, and it becomes a difficult matter in some cases to decide which of two words is the better for the writer's purpose. Examples of such words are: Agriculture and farming, pedestrianism and walking, incisive and cutting, precipitous and steep, etc. Besides this difficulty there are many others which present themselves to the writer or speaker who aims to use only pure English. Dr. Campbell, the rhetorician, has laid down five rules, or canons, to aid the student in cases of divided usage. These canons, slightly modified by Prof. A. S. Hill, of Harvard, we give, together with a few words of explanation under each:

Canon I. *When of two words or phrases one has two meanings and the other only one, the latter should be preferred.*

For example, it is better to say, "No admittance except on business," rather than "No *admission*," etc., because the latter has also the meaning of "confession," or "acknowledgment."

Relative is better than *relation* to indicate "a member of a family," for the latter has another signification. International *exhibition* is preferable to international *exposition*, since *exposition* has long been used in another meaning, as in "an exposition of doctrine."

Canon II. *In doubtful cases the analogy of the language should be regarded.*

Or, in other words, when there is no means of deciding a doubtful point, find the usage in the case of a similar word, and follow that.

For example, some people say, "He dare not do it," or "He need not come," when all other verbs have a final *s* in the corresponding forms. Hence, by this canon *needs* and *dares* are preferable to *need* and *dare*. For an exception to this rule, see Canon IV.

Canon III. *Other things being equal, the simpler and briefer form should be chosen.*

Under this canon many unnecessary prepositions are omitted. Thus, "accept of," "approve of," "attain to," become "accept," "approve," and "attain."

Prof. Hill gives the following list of improper combinations: *Examine into, open up, curb in, clamber up into, breed up, mix up, freshen up, fill up, brush off of, crave for, bridge over, follow after, treat upon, trace out, connect together, slur over, soften off, meet with, meet together, inspire into.*

Canon IV. *Of two forms of expression otherwise in equally good use, the one which is more agreeable to the ear should be chosen.*

This canon leads us to prefer *delicacy* to *delicateness*, *authenticity* to *authenticalness*, *aversion* to *averseness*, etc. Under this canon, in spite of Canon II, *need* and *dare* are often better than the regular forms *needs* and *dares*.

Canon V. *Where none of the preceding canons decides the point, we should follow the older usage.*

Thus, *jail* is better than *gaol* for American usage. *Begin* is preferable to *commence*, *photographer* to *photographist*, *trustworthy* to *reliable*.

These five canons are excellent assistants in selecting the best words from the almost overwhelming collection which our language offers us. Let every reader of *The School at Home* master these rules, and apply them carefully and thoughtfully.

We call the attention of all our readers under the age of fifteen to the fact that the second number of The Journalist will appear Saturday, May 20. We reprint the full announcement, and urge the younger editors to show that they are capable of publishing a paper fully equal to the first number. Send in your contributions at once.

1. All contributions must reach Our Youth, Plainfield, N. J., on or before May 15, 1886.

2. The contributors for this number must *not be over fifteen* years of age. (No. 3 will be open to those from *fifteen* to *twenty*.)

3. Rejected contributions will not be returned unless accompanied by stamps for the purpose.

4. Contributors are particularly requested to write on only one side of the paper.

The following are the departments, word limits, and premiums for The Journalist, Vol. I, No. 2:

Editorial.—On any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of The Journalist; connected with the school, home, and out-door life of young people. 200 words. Prize, 12mo story book.

Poem.—12 lines on any subject. An incident or anecdote preferable. Prize, 12mo story book.

Story.—A bright, well-told story on any subject. 400 words. Prize, 12mo story book.

Article.—"What Young People Call a Good Story." 250 words. Prize, 12mo story book.

Literary Notes.—Review of the first number of THE JOURNALIST. 150 words. Prize, 12mo story book.

Correspondent's Letter.—A newspaper correspondent's letter from any part of the world. The writer need not necessarily have visited the place described. 200 words. Prize, 12mo story book.

Humorous Items.—New and original paragraphs. They should be entirely original if possible, but when borrowed credit should be given to the source from which they are taken. 150 words. Prize, 12mo story book.

Illustrated Article.—On any subject, with accompanying original sketch. The drawing must be at least four inches in its shortest dimension, and made with *India-ink* on stiff white bristol-board. It must be sent flat or rolled, not folded. No pencil drawings can be reproduced. The article must not be more than 200 words long. Prize, 12mo story book.

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

TENNIS COURTS.—No. III.

TAKING for granted that a double and single "combination" court has been laid out, and true to our promise of last week, we are prepared to play our first game, after having stretched the net.

A large meshed net made of white cord is used for tennis playing. Nets are of different sizes, but for our double court we shall need one about 42 feet long and 3 feet wide. The net may be stretched in two ways, either by slight poles held in position by guy ropes and stakes, or by strong posts set firmly in the ground about one foot outside the outer court lines. The latter plan is by far the better, and is rapidly growing in favor. The net is stretched across the middle of the court, and should be 3½ feet high at each end, and 3 feet high in the center.

Fig. 1 shows one of the posts, and the method of attaching one end of the net. The post is 3½ feet above the surface of the ground, in which it is firmly planted. On one post the rope, which forms the top of the net, is permanently fastened, on the other the rope is passed through a hole, and "belayed" to a cleat on the side of the post. This rope may be taken in and the net stretched.

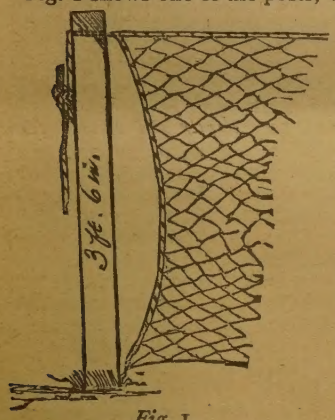


Fig. 1.

It is important to have the net just 3 feet high in the middle. The arrangement by which this result is secured is shown in Fig. 2. An iron rod 3 feet long has two iron prongs at one end and a curved hook at the other. These prongs are driven into the middle of the court, and the net drawn up until the net rope slips into the hook and is held there; if the net "sags" out of the hook, it should be pulled up again into place. This iron standard is really a three-foot rule by which the height of the net is measured.

Now for the game. What do we need?

1. Tennis shoes. These are usually low canvas or leather shoes without heels, and provided with rubber soles.

It is important, for the sake of the courts, that players should always wear shoes of this general pattern.

2. Tennis rackets. These are bats, made of wood which is curved into a large bow, the ends being brought together for a handle. The "bow" is strung with cat-gut, which is woven across from one side to the other until a strong elastic surface is secured. Any dealer in tennis goods will send a catalogue containing cuts of different rackets. The most popular shape at present is large, broad, and straight.

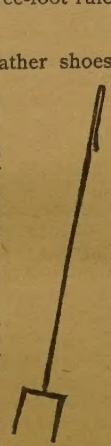


Fig. 2.

3. Tennis balls. These are hollow rubber balls, about three inches in diameter and covered with white felt. They bound easily, and respond quickly to even a light touch of the racquet.

In Fig. 3 we have a diagram of a combination court. Let us suppose two persons are to play. The inside parallel lines will bound the court, which thus becomes a single court. Let the players be indicated by X and Y. X plays on one side of the net and Y on the other.

The idea of tennis may be generalized in the following sentence: *Each player aims* (1) *to keep the ball on the opposite side of the net, and* (2) *to send it over in such a way that it cannot be returned.*

So much for the general principle; now a few details. Let X be the player to begin the game; that is, the "server." He takes his position at the back line of his court, one foot on the line and the other outside. This position must be somewhere on the right-hand *half* of the line as he faces the net, and may be indicated in the diagram by X. He must serve the ball; that is, strike it with his racket so that it will go over the net and into court No. 2. If he fail to do this the failure is called a "fault." At the second failure a point is scored for Y, his opponent.

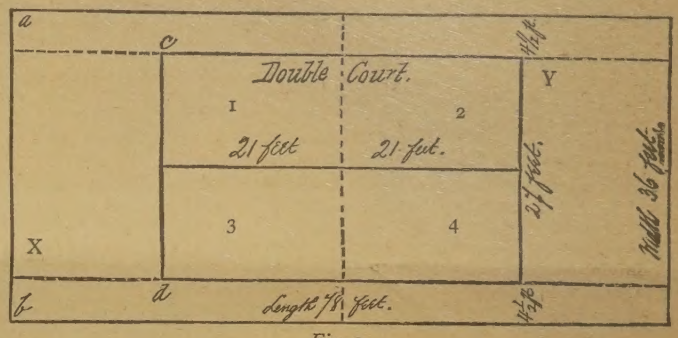


Fig. 3.

Suppose, however, Y returns the ball. That is to say, Y, *waiting for the ball to bound* (the "serve" must always be returned after one bound, although after that the ball may be returned "on the fly"), sends it over the net and anywhere within the limits of X's whole court. If X cannot get it back into Y's court, a point is scored for Y, and in general the point goes against the player in whose court the ball stays.

Suppose Y fails to return the ball at all. Then a point is scored for X.

When the first point is settled one way or the other, X goes to the other side of his court, serves into court No. 4, and the same play is repeated. This alternate playing from one side and the other is kept up until one player scores four points, which gives him the game. Then Y serves in the same way during the second game, X for the third, and so on until one player wins six games, and gains a "set." Then the players change courts and play another "set." The best two out of three "sets" usually decides the question of superiority. Next week we shall give the detailed method of counting, some hints on how to strike the ball, and some of the more technical rules of the game.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

IF every reader of OUR YOUTH would get ten subscribers for the rest of the year, at 50 cents each, we should have a splendid circulation with which to begin a new year.

OUR YOUTH depends more upon the personal efforts of its subscribers than any other paper in the Church. We have many hinderances in our way, and need the help of our friends. OUR YOUTH calls for personal effort.

SEND a list of names, with post-office address, of persons not now taking OUR YOUTH, and the publishers will send two or three specimen copies. Thus our readers can help our growth.

GOOD TIDINGS DAY, the real Sunday-school day of the Church, is Sabbath, October 17. This is the day when collections are taken in Sunday-schools and churches for the benefit of the Sunday-School Union and Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

CHILDREN'S DAY, under the auspices of the Education Society, will take place on June 13. Dr. Kidder has prepared a fine programme for the occasion, entitled "Bible Symbols of Wisdom." One great object of Children's Day and its observance is to turn the attention of the youth of the Church to the great advantages which have been provided for them in the line of advanced education. Another object is by the common offering to provide means of help by which young persons, desiring to qualify themselves for large usefulness, may be enabled to attend our classical seminaries and colleges.

WITHIN a few years nearly three thousand of the grown-up youth of our Sunday-schools have been aided to the extent of $325,000 in securing an education under the auspices of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

PERSONS desiring information concerning Children's Day and its objects will be furnished with a Red-Letter circular by addressing Dr. Daniel P. Kidder, 805 Broadway, N. Y.

INFORMATION concerning the Sunday-school day of the Church—Good Tidings Day—October 17, will be ready later in the season. Address Sunday-School Union Rooms, 805 Broadway, N. Y.

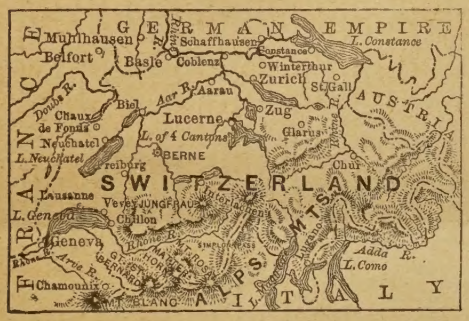
IT was a very sincere prayer which a little fellow made recently when he said, "O Lord, make me a good boy. And if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." There is also a good deal of wisdom in the prayer.

REAL rest is time saved. Night work rarely pays. Play is worth as much as study if taken at the right time and in the right way. "All work makes Jack a dull boy."

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Switzerland.

(Area, 15,892 sq. miles; population, 2,872,902; ruler, President Adolfe Deucher.)



SWITZERLAND is a republic composed of 22 small states, or cantons, which lie about the main range of the Alps, and are shut off from the sea by the neighboring territories of France, Italy, and Austria. The Alps are the grand feature of the country. Among the Swiss peaks most noted for their beauty are the Jungfrau, Matterhorn, and Monte Rosa. Many lakes add to the reputation which Switzerland maintains as the most beautiful country in the world. The land is divided among a large number of peasant owners, and agriculture is the chief occupation. Manufacturing ranks next and is extensive. The principal exports are dairy products, and cottons, silks, watches, and jewelry. Four different languages are spoken among the Swiss. German is the common speech, but French, Italian, and a dialect of the Latin, called Romansch, are used in some localities. About two thirds of the people are Protestants, followers of Calvin, the remaining third being Roman Catholics. Absolute freedom of religious belief is tolerated, but the Jesuits are excluded from the State. Education is compulsory and widely diffused. There are many little hamlets and but few cities. Of the five towns which exceed 25,000 inhabitants Geneva is the largest; the others are Basel, Berne, the capital, Lausanne, and Zürich. There is no standing army, and the national debt is insignificant. The central government consists of a council and a parliament, elected by popular vote, and presided over by a president chosen for a single year. Some cantons have legislatures of their own, and the smaller ones conduct their local affairs in a general meeting of all the voters—a pure democracy.

Switzerland has been an independent state for nearly 600 years. In 1033 it was part of the German Empire, and was afterward subject in a measure to the Counts of Hapsburg, the later German and Austrian emperors. The mountaineers made repeated attempts to secure their independence of these masters, defeating them at Morgarten (1315), Sempach (1386), and Näfels (1388). The French prince Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, lost his life in attacks upon the hardy Swiss (1477). Then Maximilian of Germany undertook to assert his authority over them, but he was beaten off and the confederacy was left unmolested, although it was not until the close of the Thirty Years' War (1648) that the nations of Europe recognized its independence. Zwingli introduced the Reformation in 1518. He was wonderfully successful, but his preaching resulted in a civil war between the two parties. In 1536 Calvin came to Geneva and firmly founded the Reformed Church. In the 17th and 18th centuries the Swiss soldiers were to be found in all the armies of Western Europe, where they fought as mercenaries. In 1798 under French influence the Helvetic Republic was formed. In 1803 Napoleon organized the Swiss Federal Republic in its stead, and in 1815 this republic was enlarged and confirmed by the Congress of Vienna. The government is at present carried on under the new constitution which was accepted by the nation in 1874.

IN "The Traveler" Goldsmith thus describes the character of the Swiss peasant:

"Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose;
Breasts the keen air and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives the venturous plowshare to the steep,
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten in the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays the cleanly platter on her board;
And haply too some pilgrim, hither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

"Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And ev'n these hills which round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storms;
And as a child whom scaring sounds molest
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more."

A Youthful Ruler.

HWANGTI, the emperor of China, is about to become of age and assume the imperial scepter which has been wielded for him during his minority by his aunt. It is eleven years since Hwangti, a boy of four years, was appointed to succeed to the vacant throne. He was a member of the royal family, but was not the son of the late ruler. He has been brought up in the palace at Peking with the greatest care, and now that he is about to become independent the most splendid preparations are being made for the event. One of the first duties of the young prince is to visit the tombs of his ancestors, which are in a city which lies nearly one hundred miles to the north-west of the capital. There are as yet no railroads in the empire, and the journey must be made slowly. A new road has been constructed for the emperor's use on this occasion, furnished at intervals with houses where the imperial party may find rest and refreshment. This visit will occupy ten days, and is to be the occasion of a grand celebration. A wife has been chosen for Hwangti from among the members of the royal family. The future empress is a young lady, only sixteen, who is said to be pretty, amiable, and highly accomplished. After the wedding it will be necessary for the emperor to visit the tombs of his forefathers a second time. With the accession of Hwangti the empress, who has exercised nearly absolute control for eleven years, will lose all power except in so far as she retains an influence over the mind of her nephew. The policy of the new administration is a matter of interest to the outside nations which are scheming for the trade of China, and endeavoring to win for themselves the privilege of equipping the country with railroads and telegraphs.

The Proceedings of Congress.

CONGRESS is still making slow progress with legislation. In the month of April the appropriations advanced a little way, the House passing the Postal, District of Columbia, and Agricultural Department Bills early in the month. The River and Harbor Bill was next taken up. This measure authorizes an expenditure of $15,000,000 for the improvement of navigable streams and water-ways. The sum is, with one exception, the largest ever applied to this purpose, and a strong protest has been raised against the use of so much money upon creeks and inlets of local importance. The bill is being considered and passed item by item. The silver debate came to a close in the House April 8, when a vote was taken on the Bland Bill, providing for the free coinage of the silver dollar. This was defeated, as was an amendment under which the coinage of the standard dollar would cease in 1889. The Education Bill, which came down from the Senate and was referred to a House Committee, has not been reported for action, and it is thought that it will be allowed to die. The labor troubles in the South-west led the House to pass the Arbitration Bill, establishing means of settling disputes by arbitration. The House also appointed a special committee to investigate the causes of the South-western strike. Pensions receive marked attention in this Congress, and the House has voted to pension all survivors of our army in the Mexican War. The new Tariff Act has been drawn up, but has not yet been discussed. The revenue of the United States, after paying the expenses of government, leaves a surplus of $30,000,000 a year. With such a surplus it is easy to vote away large sums of money for pensions, public buildings, and harbor improvements. The advocates of the present Tariff Bill claim that by reducing the revenue the cause of this extravagance will disappear. The new Tariff Bill will diminish the revenue by about $24,000,000.

In March the Upper House of Congress was engaged in a war on the President. In the last days of that month the Senate passed the Edmunds resolutions, condemning the President for his action in refusing to submit to the Senate certain papers relating to removals from office. With the passage of these resolutions the dispute fell out of sight, and the Senate continues to confirm the President's nominations as though nothing had happened. The bill by which Senator Logan hoped to add to the strength and efficiency of the regular army was defeated. The question of doing away with the secret executive sessions has been earnestly considered, but no conclusion has yet been reached. The same is true of the Interstate Commerce Bill, which aims to give the government power to control the freight charges of the railroads. The Senate has voted to allow Washington Territory, together with the northern section of Idaho, to enter the Union as a State. The Maine senators and representatives have had much to say in regard to the fisheries dispute with Canada, and Senator Frye has secured the passage of a resolution by which the Senate declares its opposition to the formation of a commission to adjust the difficulty. After many ineffectual efforts Congress has decided to erect a building for its library at an expense of $3,000,000. The Congressional Library long ago outgrew its narrow quarters, and the new building had become a necessity.

A Brief Survey.

Geronimo, the Apache chief who escaped from his captors a few weeks ago, is again on the war-path. The troops are in pursuit.——A monument to the Confederate dead was unveiled at Montgomery, Ala., April 28. The memorial oration was delivered by Jefferson Davis, the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy, and was received with boundless enthusiasm.——Secretary Manning, of the Treasury Department, who has been seriously ill, will soon resume work.——The waters of the Lower Mississippi are unusually high, and in places the levees have given away, flooding the lowlands.——Strong indications point to the close of the strike on the south-western railroads. A train was wrecked on the Missouri Pacific Railroad April 26 by unknown persons.

The native ruler of Harar, the largest town in eastern Africa, has seized and massacred an Italian exploring expedition of eleven persons under Count Porro.——The Emperor of Germany has presented the pope with a magnificent gold cross, in token of gratitude for his services in securing a peaceable settlement of the dispute with Spain in regard to the Caroline Islands.——An unconfirmed report states that Mr. Gladstone is about to enter the Roman Catholic Church.——Mass meetings to oppose or approve the Irish measures are being held in England.——A letter from Tientsin, China, dated March 20, states that the conservative influences have triumphed over the progressive ideas of the viceroy, Li Hung Chang, and the railroads about which so much has been written during the past year will not be constructed.——The Italian Premier Depretis has resigned, Parliament has been dissolved, and a general election ordered for May 23.——The elections for the Spanish Parliament (*Cortes*) have taken place, giving the majority of both houses to the present government, of which Señor Sagasta is premier.

Publishers' Department.

OUR YOUTH,

PHILLIPS & HUNT, Publishers,

805 Broadway, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, - - - $1 25 per year.

Write for sample copies and terms to agents and clubs. In ordering please state when the subscription is to begin and when to end.

ADVERTISING RATES: Single insertions, 20 cents per agate line. Special rates on large orders.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.

WE are happy to be able to state that many of our subscribers are responding to the suggestions that we have made in these columns during the last two or three weeks. A list of five or ten new names may not seem like much of a help toward the 50,000 names which we are trying to secure, but when such lists come in by the hundred and thousand, the circulation will grow amazingly.

We are thoroughly convinced that the only difficulty to be overcome to insure the fullest success of OUR YOUTH is ignorance. If we can make every body acquainted with OUR YOUTH we shall secure their subscriptions now or hereafter. We propose to devote all possible energy toward this end. If our already large and rapidly growing list of subscribers will, one and all, help us in this missionary effort, the growth of the paper will be greatly accelerated.

We do not ask any body to make himself offensive by urging the paper on any one who after a careful examination of it decides deliberately that he does not want it. All we ask is that you will show the paper, state the facts about it, explain its merits, insure this careful examination, and recommend it, and if it will help your friend to decide to take it, offer to send on the name and the money. Even in the few cases where your efforts will not be successful your labor will not be wasted, for the paper will be known, and sooner or later the work will tell.

If you have friends or acquaintances in any part of the country who will be likely to subscribe if they examine the paper, send us their names and addresses, and we will send them specimen copies.

Remember our SPECIAL OFFER: **Fifty Cents** for OUR YOUTH from the time the subscription is received till November 27, 1886. **Five Dollars** for **ten** copies for the same time, with an extra copy to the person sending the money.

A BINDER FOR OUR YOUTH.

OUR letters from subscribers show that very many of them are preserving their copies of OUR YOUTH, as they appear from week to week. Many times a day we read such expressions as these: "We cannot afford to lose a single copy." "We preserve every number." "We are going to have them bound," etc.

These persons, and probably many others who do not write, will be glad to know that we have made arrangements which will enable us to supply a binder suitable for preserving the successive numbers, keeping them smooth and clean and all together.

The binding device is composed of steel strips or stubs, between which the papers are held firmly as in a vice by means of two flexible **steel** fasteners which cannot stretch and allow the papers to work loose or the book to sag from the cover. The back adjusts itself to any thickness, hence the volume always corresponds to the actual thickness of the papers bound.

It is entirely *free from complicated fixtures* (such as needles, rubber straps, hooks, or strings), and is, either as a temporary or permanent binder, *simple, practical, durable*, and *superior to any other*.

The price of the binder will be announced in these columns in a future number.

WE are pleased to call attention to the *good news* to ladies in our advertising columns from the Great American Tea Company, 31 to 35 Vesey street. They have been long known as a first-class house in the tea line, and can be relied upon to supply superior teas and coffees, besides giving as an inducement handsome decorated dinner, toilet, and tea sets to regular patronizers and customers.—*Com.*

A BOOK WORTH HAVING.

JEWELS OF PRAISE
NEW S. S. MUSIC BOOK BY ASA HULL.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Price, in boards, $30 per hundred. One specimen copy, paper, 25 cents; boards, 35 cents. Address

ASA HULL,
150 Nassau Street, New York.

FLORAL PRAISE
No. 4.
A BEAUTIFUL MUSICAL SERVICE
FOR
Children's Day & Flower Sunday
By HUBERT P. MAIN.

Price, $4 per 100 copies; 5 cents each by mail.
Previous issues furnished at same price.

BIGLOW & MAIN,
76 East Ninth St., New York. 81 Randolph St., Chicago.

BLACK SILKS.

James McCreery & Co.
offer their friends and customers in City and Country the following makes and qualities of Black Dress Silks at specially attractive prices, namely:

100 Pieces Black Imported Surahs at $1; our regular $1 25 quality.

100 Pieces Black Satin Rhadames at $1; marked down from $1 25.

150 Pieces of Black Rhadames and Tricotines at $1 25; good value for $1 65.

75 Pieces of Black Satin Damasses, 24-inch, at 85 cents; reduced from $1 25.

Rich Novelties in Watered Silks, Moire, Francaise, Satin, and Moire Pekins, Cluny Stripes, Crochet Figures, etc., suitable for Combinations and Wraps, at very low prices.

An examination is invited. Orders by mail carefully filled, and satisfaction guaranteed.

James McCreery & Co.,
Broadway and Eleventh Street, New York.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS
TO LADIES.

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated **Teas** and **Coffees**, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

GRAY'S INDELIBLE INK

For Marking Linen, Cotton, and all Cloth Goods with a Common Pen.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PERRY & Co's STEEL PENS

Of Superior Quality, 24 Samples different styles, for trial, including the famous "U," **Falcon**, and **Stub** pens, by mail, on receipt of 20 cents. Ask for Card No. 13.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & Co., *Sole Agents.* 753 B'WAY, N.Y.

The "Golden Crown" Series
OF
BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

BOUND IN ELEGANT CLOTH, UNIFORM STYLE, AND PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

Per Volume, $1 25.

1. **Abbotsmuir.**
A tale for the young. By the author of "Nelly's Teachers," "Mine Own People," etc. A story singularly true to nature.

2. **Ada and Gerty**; or, Hand in Hand Heavenward.
A story of school life. By Louisa M. Gray. A touching story of two girls.

3. **Almost a Hero**; or, School-days at Ashcombe.
By Robert Richardson, author of "Ralph's Year in Russia," etc.

4. **Amos Huntingdon.**
A tale. By the Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A., Vicar of Pavenham, author of "True to His Colors," etc.

5. **By Uphill Paths**; or, Waiting and Winning.
A story of work to be done. By E. Van Sommer, author of "Lionel Franklin's Victory."

6. **Every-Day Doings.**
By Hellena Richardson. A prize temperance tale, "written for an earnest purpose," and consisting almost entirely of facts.

7. **Fighting the Good Fight**; or, The Successful Influence of Well Doing.
By H. F. E., author of "Tom Tempest's Victory," etc.

8. **Frank Oldfield**; or, Lost and Found.
By the Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A., Vicar of Pavenham, author of "Amos Huntingdon," etc.

9. **The Grey House on the Hill**; or, Trust in God and Do the Right.
A tale for the young. By the Hon. Mrs. Greene.

10. **Great Heights Gained by Steady Efforts**; or, Perseverance and Faithfulness Triumphant.
By the Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A.

11. **Isabel's Secret**; or, A Sister's Love.
A tale for the young. By the author of "The Story of a Happy Little Girl."

12. **Lionel Franklin's Victory.**
By E. Van Summer. An interesting prize temperance tale for the young, with illustrative engravings.

13. **Nelly's Teachers**, and What They Learned.
By Louisa M. Gray, author of "Mine Own People," etc. A tale for the young.

14. **Owen's Hobby**; or, Strength in Weakness.
A tale. By Elmer Burleigh. Replete with touching, often saddening, and frequently amusing incidents.

15. **Sought and Saved.**
By M. A. Paull, author of "Tim's Troubles," etc. A prize temperance tale for the young.

16. **Tim's Troubles**; or, Tried and True.
By M. A. Paull. A prize temperance tale for young persons, the hero an Irish Band of Hope boy.

17. **True Hearts Make Happy Homes**; The Story of the Vivians of Woodiford.
By M. A. Paull, author of "Tim's Troubles," etc.

18. **True to His Colors**; or, The Life that Wears Best.
By Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A., Vicar of Pavenham, author of "Frank Oldfield," etc.

19. **The Young Huguenots**; or, The Soldiers of the Cross.
A story of the 17th century. By Edith L. Floyer.

THOS. NELSON & SONS, Publishers,
42 Bleecker Street, New York.

Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—"I've been digging over my garden," said Brown, "and I'm all worn out."

"Ah!" remarked Fogg; "a new variety of earthen wear, eh?"

Fenderson, who was present, thought it was a mighty good joke, and seeing Smith a short time afterward, of course he had to tell it.

"I say, Smith," said he, "Fogg just got off a neat thing. Brown was saying that he was all worn out digging in his garden, and Fogg asked him if that wasn't a new kind of crockery ware. What do you think of that?"

"I don't see the point."

"Nor I, either, now; but I thought I did when Fogg told it."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Little boy (studying his Latin lesson)—"Pa, what does 'mort' mean?"

Pa (ex-alderman and builder)—"Is that word in your book?"

Little boy—"Yes."

Pa—"Well, it means 'more mortar,' but I didn't know it was a Latin word."—*New York Times.*

—It wasn't a rabbit.—Doctor—"Well, do you think the dog was mad when he bit you?"

Solomon—"Waal, sah, I guess he war rudder put out by the way he 'ducted hisse'f."

Doctor—"No, I don't mean angry; I mean *rabid.*"

Solomon—"O, no, sah; it wa'n't a *rabbit.* I's shuah 'twas a dog, sah."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—An exchange says: "All the decorative pieces of glass, china, or silver on the fashionable dinner table are tall and high at present." Young man, if you are plotting matrimony we would inform you that these things always will be high. Buy 'em now while they're tall, and get your money's worth.—*Boston Post.*

—Recently in Brunswick a Macon young man acted as godfather to the infant of a friend. The excitement of the occasion caused him to drop the infant into the baptismal font, making a Baptist of it instead of an Episcopalian.—*Columbus Inquirer.*

—Greece is hot, but the danger is less on account of the tendency of grease always to run when in that condition. People generally will not weep if Greece stops long enough to give the Thanksgiving bird a good basting before she cools off.

—"What has become of the bootjack?" said Towser, savagely, as he knocked things about. "I had it last night."

"It's on the mantel-piece," replied Mrs. Towser. "I covered it with plush to-day and painted some flowers on it. Isn't it lovely?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The story is told on the Pacific coast that a Chinaman, discharged on account of the boycott, turned to his late employer with an air of genial and impersonal regret: "O, yes; Ilishman ask Melican man send away Chinaman. That all right. He go back to China pletty good. Bimeby Ilishman send Melican man away. Where *you* go?"

—At the dinner table.—"Come, doctor, you are very skillful. I will give you the honor of carving."

"With pleasure, madame." And immediately the doctor begins his task. He is very absent-minded, and when he has finally made a deep cut in the leg of mutton he stops, takes a roll of linen and some lint out of his pocket, and carefully bandages the wound. Then, after regarding it critically, he remarks with professional gravity, while the guests are stupefied with astonishment: "There, with rest and good care, there is nothing to fear."—*French Frivolities.*

—"Wha'd I tell ye?" sniffed Uncle Abel Bimley, one of the pizenist Republicans the Corners ever knew. "Told ye Cleveland an' his crowd wasn't fit to run the country, didn't I? I've been readin' the papers pretty sharp the past year, an' all's I've seen is fourth-class post-masters appointed. Didn't use to be so with us. We had fust-class men or nothin'. I tell ye the Democrats aint fit." And the old man shook his head sagely.—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*

—Master Jacky (inquiringly)—"Why doesn't baby eat buns, aunty?"

Aunt Singleton—"Because she has no teeth, dear."

Master Jacky (audibly)—"Then why can't you lend her yours, aunty? You aint always using 'em."

Rev H C Milliman
KENDALL
Orleans, N Y

HORSMAN'S
CELEBRATED
TENNIS
RACKETS.

"Brighton," "Casino," "Elberon," "Championship" and "Berkeley" are superior to any other Rackets in the market. The above illustration represents the **New Racket, "BRIGHTON,"** which is *unexcelled.*
Send stamp for Tennis and Bicycle Catalogue.

E. I. HORSMAN, 80 and 82 William St., New York.

JOEL McCOMBER'S PATENT BOOTS AND SHOES.

Every body can now enjoy my Patent Boots and Shoes. I am now manufacturing them on a large scale with new and improved machinery, and selling at greatly reduced prices, so as to place them within the reach of all, rich and poor. I will send to all applicants price-lists, full instructions for self-measurement for men, women, and children, and return the shoes as quickly as they can be made. They will fit beautifully, will never warp, distort, or injure the tenderest foot, and will restore bad and distorted feet to symmetry and comfort. I make no shoddy goods, and my highest class boots and shoes are unsurpassed, either in material or workmanship, by any goods in any country, and my lowest class goods are superior in every respect to all others at the same price. Those who desire perfect boots and shoes should send for my *free* illustrated pamphlets, which will give price-list and all information that is required. It will pay you to send for the pamphlets.

To preserve leather of all kinds for ladies or gentlemen's boots and shoes, and to make them soft and beautiful, use my Seal Polish Blacking.

JOEL McCOMBER, Inventor and Manufacturer of McComber's Patent Boots and Shoes and Patent Lasts, 52 East 10th Street, New York. Mention OUR YOUTH.

50,000 SUBSCRIBERS FOR OUR YOUTH

Ought to be enrolled within the next two months.

THE FUNDAMENTAL IDEA involved in its publication is expressed in the familiar phrase, "The greatest good for the greatest number." In literary merit and moral tone it stands at the top—the very highest. In price it is the lowest. Here is the first factor of the problem already secured—the greatest good. It remains to work out the other—the greatest number—the circulation. The result will be a low-priced, high-toned paper, widely circulated. A good start has already been made. OUR YOUTH has been received with enthusiasm by all who have seen it. But there are many who are not yet acquainted with its merits, and to these we make the following

SPECIAL OFFER: If you will send us your name and address, and

FIFTY CENTS,

we will enter your name on the mailing list and send you the paper regularly from the time the subscription is received till the close of the year (Nov. 27). This will include the whole of the second volume, beginning June 5, in which will be published a new serial story entitled "No," by Rose Terry Cooke, besides all the other useful and entertaining matter which OUR YOUTH furnishes to its readers every week, such as the short stories, tales of travel and adventure, articles on literature, science, and natural history, editorials and Sunday-school articles, besides the regular departments, the School at Home, Recreation, Outside World, Our Youth Debating Club, The Journalist (the latter two conducted by subscribers), and Jest and Youthful Jollity.

NOTICE that the sooner the name is sent to us the more numbers of OUR YOUTH you will receive. With this offer open there is no reason why every Methodist family in the land should not become well acquainted with OUR YOUTH at once.

PARENTS: You will please the young folks and help them powerfully in their growth up to true manhood and womanhood by giving them OUR YOUTH.

TEACHERS: Here is an opportunity to send your scholars every week, at a merely nominal cost, a visitor that will continually remind them of your interest in them and ably second your efforts to cultivate in them a correct literary taste and a love for the good and the true.

SUPERINTENDENTS: Your school cannot do a better thing than to provide the older pupils with copies of OUR YOUTH for the remainder of the year. It will attach them to the school and dignify their lives. The Berean Homily will also interest them in the Sunday-school lesson.

PASTORS: You have a great responsibility in the training of the young people of your congregation. What better helper can you have than OUR YOUTH? The department of the Oxford League is a unique feature, to be found in no other publication. It will give an account of the history, doctrines, and usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and will contain articles designed to promote spiritual life.

YOUNG PEOPLE: In OUR YOUTH you, who are subscribers, have a weekly feast. You can add to your own pleasure and do a good work for others by showing the paper to your friends and inducing them to subscribe. If from every Methodist congregation in the land we can receive five or ten new subscribers, OUR YOUTH will have made a magnificent start on what we expect will be a long career of usefulness.

CLUBS. Any one who will send us the names and addresses of ten subscribers to OUR YOUTH under the above special offer, with $5, will be presented with an extra copy of the paper, for the same time, free of charge.

REGULAR YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS will of course be received as usual, and unless otherwise directed we will send the back numbers from the first issue, Dec. 5, 1885, in every case. SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

Yearly Subscription Price, $1 25.

Write for prospectus and terms to canvassers. Address

PHILLIPS & HUNT, Publishers, 805 Broadway, New York.